

The Messenger

Rev T Appel DD
31 Dec 77

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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THE MESSENGER.

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Poetry.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

And God said, Let us make man in our image.
—FROM THE LESSON.

Most High and Holy Trinity!
Who of Thy mercy mild
Hast form'd me here in Time, to be
Thy image and Thy child:
Oh let me love Thee day and night
With all my soul, with all my might;
Oh come, Thyself my soul prepare,
And make Thy dwelling ever there!

Father! replenish with Thy grace
This longing heart of mine,
Make it Thy quiet dwelling-place,
Thy sacred inmost shrine!

Forgive that oft my spirit wears
Her time and strength in trivial cares,
Enfold her in Thy changeless peace,
So she from all but Thee may cease!

O God the Son! Thy wisdom's light
On my dark reason pour;
Forgive that things of sense and sight
Were all her joy of yore;

Henceforth let every thought and deed
On Thee be fix'd, from Thee proceed,
Draw me to Thee, for I would rise
Above these worldly vanities!

O Holy Ghost! Thou fire of love,
Enkindle with Thy flame my will;
Come with Thy strength, Lord, from above,
Help me Thy bidding to fulfil:

Forgive that I so oft have done
What I as sinful ought to shun;
Let me with pure and quenchless fire
Thy favor and Thyself desire!

Most High and Holy Trinity!
Draw me away far hence,
And fix upon eternity
All powers of soul and sense!
Make me at one within; at one
With Thee on earth; when life is done
Take me to dwell in light with Thee,
Most High and Holy Trinity.

ANGELUS. 1657.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

THE LATE REV. GEORGE LEIDY.

The Rev. George Leidy, whose death was announced in our last week's issue, was a son of Jacob Leidy, for many years a prominent and efficient elder in the Indian Creek church, Franconia township, Montgomery county, Pa. He was born on the 7th of November, 1793, and died on the morning of the 30th of May, 1879, at the age of 85 years, 6 months and 23 days.

In infancy he was given to God in holy baptism, and was subsequently piously trained by his Christian parents. In a brief account of his life and religious experience prepared by himself, he attributes his early pious inclinations and desires, largely to the influence of his sainted mother, who informed him some time after he had entered the holy ministry, that he was a child of prayer, and that she had devoted him to the Gospel ministry, even before he was born.

At the age of seventeen, after attending the usual course of catechetical instruction, he was admitted to full membership in the Reformed Church by the rite of confirmation. At the time, he was the subject of deep and most earnest conviction, and it was only after long struggling, that he was ena-

bled by the grace of God, under the teachings of the sixtieth question in the Heidelberg Catechism, to realize, that it is only by a true faith in Christ Jesus, the penitent sinner can become righteous before God, and to make a personal application of this fundamental religious truth to his own individual case. The result in his experience, he describes as most precious and joyous, never to be forgotten even to the end of his long and eventful life. An earnest desire to make known the riches of the grace of God in Christ Jesus, which he himself had experienced, to perishing sinners, was soon thereafter awakened in his heart, which he found it impossible to suppress; and hence, after a series of protracted struggles, he was led to consecrate himself to the work of the Christian ministry.

With a view to carry out what he conceived to be the mission of his life, he commenced a course of study preparatory to the holy ministry in 1813, when in the twentieth year of his age, under the direction of his uncle, the Rev. Casper Wack, then pastor of the Reformed church at Germantown, Pa. The writer has frequently heard his preceptor speak of him, as an earnest and most diligent student, fully impressed with the vast importance and responsible nature of the office to which he aspired. His uncle was a sound theologian, a thorough scholar, a truly devoted Christian, and an earnest and successful preacher.

Mr. Leidy's course of study extended through five years, the first two of which were devoted mainly to preparatory studies, and the latter three to theology and kindred branches. The familiarity he evinced, especially in the vigor of his manhood, with theological works, more particularly of the Reformation period, furnishes evidence of the thoroughness of his theological training. When about to enter upon the active duties of the ministry, his uncle endeavored to impress upon him the necessity of thorough preparation for his pulpit efforts; whilst his pious aunt earnestly besought him not to neglect family visitation, and the duty of associating prayer with it, whenever circumstances permitted.

The Synod held in Carlisle, Pa., in September, 1818, on the motion of the Rev. Dr. William Hendel, appointed a committee, consisting of the Rev. Dr. F. Herman, Sen., Dr. S. Helffenstein, Sen., and F. W. Vandersloot, to examine Mr. Leidy, and with authority, if found qualified, to license him to preach the Gospel, until the next meeting of Synod. This committee attended to its duty, and licensed him as authorized. The time intervening his licensure and the next meeting of Synod, which was held in Lancaster, Pa., in September, 1819, he spent with his brother-in-law, the Rev. Henry Gerhart, at Bedford, Pa., assisting him in his labors in his large and important field.

As his desire was to engage in missionary labor, he declined several calls which had been extended him. At the Synod at Lancaster, he offered his services to the Church as a missionary. The Synod appointed a Committee on Missions, consisting of the Rev. Dr. L. Mayer, Jonathan Helffenstein, James R. Reily, and Frederick Rahauer. To this committee Mr. Leidy was referred, and if he proved satisfactory to the committee, they were authorized to ordain him to the work of the ministry, and commission him as a missionary to the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky. This committee met at Shepherdstown, W. Va., shortly after the adjournment of Synod, and after an interview with Mr. Leidy, which proved satisfactory, ordained and commissioned him as a missionary, as authorized by Synod.

He soon after his ordination, entered upon the duties of the mission to which he had been appointed. He passed through Martinsburg and Winchester, and made his first stay at Woodstock, Va., where he labored for a short time among the congregations in that place and vicinity, preaching the Gospel, catechizing and confirming the young and administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The same kind of service, he subsequently rendered to congregations in Rockingham, Pendleton, Botetourt and Wythe counties, Va., and in Guilford, Orange, Randolph, Rowan, and Lincoln counties, North Carolina. After being indefatigably

engaged for five and a half months in this kind of work, he found the weather in that warm climate becoming too hot for his physical constitution to endure. He was accordingly obliged to arrest his farther journey southward, and immediately returned northward, and took charge of the congregations at Woodstock, Va. and vicinity, from which he had received a call.

A full and interesting report of this missionary tour is incorporated in the report of the committee on Missions, covering about three pages in the Minutes of the Synod held in Hagerstown, Md., in 1820. It would occupy too much space to enter into particulars. In connection with his journeys, aggregating some two thousand miles, the result of his labors is summed up as follows: visited thirty congregations, baptized thirty children, confirmed eighty-four persons, and administered the holy communion to three hundred and sixty-two communicants.

He labored, with varied success, for three years in the congregations at Woodstock and vicinity; and then removed to Westminster, (Frederick,) now Carroll county, Md., taking charge of the congregation in that vicinity, and subsequently adding to it other congregations, including the one at Taneytown. His labors in this field extended through eight years.

His next field of labor was in Cumberland Valley, Pa. Here he spent five years, the first four of which he devoted to the church at Newville, and the latter year to the church at Sulphur Spring. It was whilst laboring in this last named congregation, that he entered into holy matrimony, with Miss Catharine Brechbill, the eldest daughter of Mr. Frederick Brechbill, of Boiling Springs, Cumberland county, Pa.

Shortly after his marriage in 1835, he removed to Bedford, Pa., taking charge of the congregation in Friendsville, at Shenandoah. After laboring in this field during a period of nine years, he returned to Cumberland county, Pa., and made his home in Carlisle. His health had become somewhat impaired. He, however, labored on still, as opportunity offered and his strength would admit. In this way, he for a time supplied different congregations in the vicinity, and also for a period of eight years, preached regularly, without compensation, to the poor at the Alms House, and also at times, to the soldiers at the Garrison. It was whilst engaged in these varied labors, that his wife, a most excellent woman, was stricken with paralysis, from which, though lingering through several years, she eventually died, after a ten years sojourn in Carlisle.

He then spent some time in the service of the Publication Board, in Eastern Pennsylvania, and was very successful in enlarging the subscription lists of its papers, especially of the "Kirchenzeitung." In connection with these labors, he also preached frequently for the brethren, whose charges he visited.

In 1866, he took up his abode in Norristown, Pa., where he continued to reside, in the charge of his only child, a truly devoted daughter, until the time of his final release. He was by age and growing infirmity rendered unable to serve a regular charge. Such, however, was his earnest and active nature, that he could not remain idle, but preached whenever an opportunity offered and as long as his strength would permit.

During the last few years of his life, he was wholly laid aside from active service, by multiplied infirmities. He had had previous attacks of paralysis, and it was the return of this disease, that at last ended his days. He died at a good old age, steadfastly affirming to the last, his unwavering trust and confidence in his divine Redeemer, as a precious and all-sufficient Saviour. Thus has passed to his eternal rest, the oldest minister of the Reformed Church in the United States.

His funeral took place on Tuesday, the 3d of June. A large number of friends were present. The three ministers of the Reformed Church, residing in Norristown, and the writer, participated in the funeral services, the whole being under the lead of the Rev. D. Feete, who preached the sermon on the occasion. His remains were interred in the Montgomery Cemetery, Norristown, Pa. There may [they abide in undisturbed peace until the great day, of the general resurrection of the dead! F.

For the Messenger.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

STEAMER JUPITER, Mediterranean Sea, }
May 1st, 1879.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I believe in my last letter, I stopped when I came to Damascus. Damascus is a beautifully situated place. Mohammed stood on the top of a hill overlooking it, and called it an earthly paradise. And it does appear to the Eastern people as such a paradise. The oasis, in which it lies, is one large park, full of running stream and fine trees.

The town itself is very oriental, the streets are very crooked and narrow, the walls of the houses appear very bare. You enter the house through what seems a hole in the wall; generally you have to stoop your head to get in, so low are the doors. But after one is in, he sees a pure fountain in the open court, in the interior of the house, whose waters cool the air. Some of the rooms are inlaid with pure mosaics, and make a fine appearance.

Damascus is a very old city, one of the oldest in the world, and it is a very old-fashioned city. The people are very conservative; they pride themselves on dwelling in a paradise and look down with complaisance on the outer world; the result is, they are very fanatical. Some years ago they massacred the Christians in cold blood, and even yet they are ready to rise at any moment to cut off the Christians. They look with wonder on an English lady walking through the streets without a veil on her face. I have seen them turn, and stop, and look, as a lady passed by.

I visited their great mosque, after taking off my shoes, for no infidel is allowed to profane their mosques by the touch of his shoes. I found myself in a very large building which evidently was once a Christian church. The Mohammedans, when they conquered the country, turned the churches into mosques, and so they did with this one. But I found over one of the arches, a Greek inscription that they had forgotten to erase. It was a strange inscription to be found in a mosque, and it read, "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom." Our guide, who was a native Christian, said, "Yes, we will get the church back too." And as soon as the empire of Turkey falls, I should not be surprised if the mosque should become a church again.

There is a mission in Damascus with about one hundred Protestant members, but it is a hard field for our faithful missionaries to labor in. I visited the street called Straight. They point out Judas' house, and Ananias' house, and riding along I saw quite a number of houses, with windows looking out over the wall. From one such, Paul was let down in a basket. The rivers Abana and Pharpar, about which Naaman speaks so highly, are beautiful, fresh streams from the mountains, much clearer and more sparkling than the Jordan. Indeed I have not seen many more beautiful streams than they, but beautiful as they are, they could not cleanse the leprous Naaman as the Jordan could. And thanks be to God we have a better cleansing flood than either in the precious blood shed on Calvary.

I left Damascus to climb over the hills northward to Baalbek, where are some magnificent ruins. It is possible that this was one of the summer resorts of Solomon. I found just at the base of one of the snow-clad hills of Hermon, the ruins of vast temples. Some of the stones were immense, and were parts of an early Phœnician temple to Baal or the Sun. How the ancients lifted such immense stones to their place is a mystery. There were two other temples there by the Romans to Jupiter. The workmanship and carvings, were exquisite.

Leaving Baalbek, we traveled two days until we came to Beirut, which is a beautiful town and seaport, where we expected to take ship. Beirut is beautifully situated at the base of the lofty Lebanon mountains, their snow-capped peaks contrasting finely with the green groves of the town, and the deep blue of the sea. But more interesting than the town, was the mission of the Presbyterian Church there. I tell you no one has any idea of the degradation of these poor heathen, and the native Christians are little better than the poor heathen, for their worship is nothing but hollow forms. O, if

there is anything that ought to move one, it is the sight of these great multitudes going to ruin. And when one sees a mission church there, filled with Arabic converts, plucked as brands from the burning, it is deeply affecting. I was rarely so moved, as when I heard the Arab children of the large Protestant Sunday-school, sing in Arabic, the old familiar tunes of "Rock of Ages," and "My faith looks up to Thee." God grant that their faith may look up to Jesus, that they may be heard. The Protestant missionaries in Syria, have done a grand work, they reach the people in three ways, they organize schools, and while teaching the children to read and write, they try to teach them about Jesus too. They also are physicians at the Prussian Hospital, where last year they treated eleven thousand patients, and while curing the body, they try to cure the soul. They also print the Bible in Arabic, and distribute it throughout Asia and Africa. Indeed, it is the only printing press that supplies eighty millions of people. Thus they scatter the Bible far and wide, and the great reckoning day alone will reveal the results of scattering these Bibles. I would ask your prayers for these foreign missionaries, that their work may be prospered.

In Syria they have added to their church one hundred each year, during the past three years. But what are they among so many heathen. I attended the English service at their church in Beirut, and heard a sermon from the Rev. Mr. Dickey, of Philadelphia. I am now sailing over the Mediterranean Sea, on my way to Constantinople. I was very glad indeed to get two letters from the church at Beirut. I am glad to hear that the church is progressing, and to know what are the truths that are preached to them, and bless Brother Wells as he preaches.

May God bless you all. My regards to all my friends.
Your pastor,
JAS. I. GOOD.

Selected.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

What a glorious fact it is that there is one life that can be held up before the eyes of humanity as a perfect pattern! There were lips that never spake unkindness, that never uttered an untruth; there were eyes that never looked aught but love and purity and bliss; there were arms that never closed against wretchedness or penitence; there was a bosom which never throbbed with sin, nor ever was excited by unholy impulse; there was a man free from all undue selfishness, and whose life was spent in going about doing good. There was One who loved all mankind, and loved them more than Himself, and who gave Himself to die that they might live: there was One who went into the gates of death, that the gates of death might never hold us in; there was One who laid in the grave to take its damp, its coldness, its chill, and its horror, and taught humanity how it might ascend above the grave; there was One who, though He walked on earth, had His conversation in heaven, and took away the curtain that hid immortality from view, and presented us the Father God in all His glory and in all His love. Such an one is the standard held up in the Church of Christ; it is a Church that rallies round the cross and that gathers around Jesus; and it is because He is attractive and lovely and glorious that they are coming from the ends of the earth to see the salvation of God.—Bishop Simpson.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Precious words! which the Christian church has ever treasured as among the most costly gems in the casket intrusted to her care;—words to which we turn with more than ordinary delight, as a more lovely flower where all are beautiful; as a more brilliant star where all are bright;—words which the pious mother has often selected as the first to teach her lisping child for its guide in life, and which the aged saint has breathed as the best expression of his hope in death.—Rev. Newman Hall.

Family Reading.

PATIENCE.

Were there no night, we could not read the stars,
The heavens would turn into a blinding glare;
Freedom is best seen through the prison-bars,
And rough seas make the haven passing fair.

We cannot measure joys but by their loss;
When blessings fade away, we see them then;
Our richest clusters grow around the cross,
And in the night the angels sing to men.

The seed must first be buried deep in earth
Before the lily opens in the sky;
So "light is sown," and gladness has its birth
In the dark deeps, where we can only cry.

"Life's out of death," is heaven's unwritten law;
The victor's palm grows on the field of war,
And strength and beauty are the fruit of storms.

Come, then, my soul, be brave to do and bear;
Thy life is bruised that it may be more sweet;
Thy cross will soon be left, the crown we'll wear—

Nay, we will cast it at our Saviour's feet.

And up among the glories never told,
Sweeter than music of the marriage bell,
Our hands will strike the vibrant harp of gold
To the glad song, "He doeth all things well."

—Selected.

CHILDISH TERRORS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A very bright little fellow astonished his friends one night not long since by a fit of terror. When asked to tell of what he was afraid, he said "of bears." "What an absurdity!" exclaimed Cousin Elsie. "Here you are, safely tucked up in bed, in a cheerful, warm house, and you tell me you are afraid of savage animals, which have their homes in wild forests, hundreds of miles away." She forgot that "bears" probably stood in the boy's mind, for whatever specter his imagination had conjured up, an imagination just then quickened and stimulated by having listened to some thrilling stories of adventure in the mountains of the Sierra Nevada. The child spoke truly, though the truth had a ludicrous aspect.

I want to plead with mothers in behalf of their sensitive and timorous children. There are strong, healthy boys and girls, who have no fear of the dark, who are continually free from physical cowardice, and who receive much praise for their bravery. There are others in whom the nervous sensibility so predominates, that they endure, night after night, tortures quite beyond their powers to express. Oh, the horror to these poor little creatures of the dark! Its mystery compasses them about. They lie shivering in bed, when mamma has given her kiss and gone away, and as the last door between her and themselves is closed, they plunge into a depth of distress which nobody guesses and nobody comforts. After a while sleep steals tenderly into the room, like one of God's angels, and the little brain is soothed, the tired eyelids droop, and the haunting fears flee away. When morning comes, and the blessed daylight lies broadly upon the familiar room, on bureau, bed, chairs, curtains and the pictures on the wall, the child forgets its fear. The fear does not exist, and will not return till night comes back, with its vagueness, its awe, its great wall of gloom.

A child who has been encouraged to tell its thoughts and wishes, and the little things of every day to its mother, is often saved from these weird and vexing experiences. But mothers are sometimes too busy in clothing the little bodies to take the care they should of the growing souls. Sometimes ill-health oppresses them with so strong a despotism, that they can have only a superficial acquaintance with their children, whose gayety and noise are too much for heads prone to aching. Sometimes society, and sometimes too close attention to church and benevolent work, detract from a mother's personal care of her children. Home and society and the church, are all closely interwoven in the lives of many good women, who cannot be contented to narrow their interests to one small sphere, and this is well. We ought to live broadly and generously, and extend our sympathies beyond our own doors. Yet home is first in importance, and while the mother may safely delegate some of her duties there to others, nobody can do so much as she for her children in the early years, when the world is like a great new picture-book to them, when impressions are being made on hearts that are as wax to the seal, and when characters are being formed for eternity.

Many a child has been on the brink of a conversation with a mother or friend in which he might have been helped and uplifted, so that his life long he would have been the better for that hour, when, a bantering word, or an uncomprehending one, has shut him in upon himself. Many a parent, thinking that fear was a thing to be repressed, and terror

a synonym for cowardice, has sternly insisted upon measures which have been fraught with evil consequences, extending over years. Physicians will assure you that girls at eighteen, and boys nearing maturity often break down in their studies and are unable to reap the rewards they covet, because of an undue strain or a nervous shock, which left its germ of trouble in the system when they were three or four years old. We cannot too wisely and too gently look after the little children under our care.

Fanny Kemble tells of a little child, four years of age, who was usually put to bed in a chamber adjoining her mother's, and left to go to sleep without a light. Years afterward she told her friends that she always felt a dreadful conviction so soon as she was alone, that a large, black dog was under her bed. Miss Martineau told Mrs. Kemble that she herself, as a child, had been in abject fear of the colors of the prism, and even when the door was closed, would rush past the room in which she had seen their magical flashing. Sara Coleridge, while very young, and not yet having heard a tale in which hobgoblin, witch or fairy entered, used to lie in bed and tremble at lions. Later, the picture of Death at Hell-gate, in an old edition of "Paradise Lost," was a source of great horror. Yet, by daylight, she was a very fearless child, exceptionally strong, and able to outdo her companions in running and climbing. Sad is the story Margaret Fuller told in her autobiography of her nightly hours of torture, superinduced by study, too strenuous and too severe for a slight and delicate little girl. "The spoiled, unreasonable child who was never willing to go to bed," her aunts called her, little knowing that when there, "so soon as the light was taken away, she seemed to see colossal faces advancing slowly towards her, the eyes dilating, and each feature swelling as they came, till at last when they were about to close upon her, she started up with a shriek which drove them away, but only to return when she lay down again."

I think we cannot err in being very gentle, very slow to condemn, and very patient in our treatment of children. We ought, indeed, to insist upon prompt obedience to authority. It is a great wrong to childhood to suffer it to grow unrestrained and unwilling to comply with restraint. But oh! how often, and how humbly should we go to our Father in heaven for help. What does that mean, "Like as a father pitieth his children," if not, that compassion, tenderness and the softness of brooding, waiting, encompassing love, are elements in the paternal heart so divine that God Himself forever pours them forth in fulness.

Nor should we forget so far our own childhood, as we often do, when burdened with life's later responsibilities. Children are new to the world. They lead a dual life, even as we do. While the body is growing, the soul too is receptive to influences on every side. Let us respect the individuality and study the special needs of these dear, immortal ones committed to our charge.—*Intelligencer*.

THE DELUSIONS OF COURTSHIP.

"I would not have her know it for anything," said a young man, speaking of something pertaining to himself, and referring to a young lady to whom he was paying attention. He fears it would change her opinion of him, and interfere with the prospect of his obtaining her hand. Such observations are of every-day occurrence. Who has not heard young men make them? Yet they show an unsound condition of things—an attempt to win a heart and hand by false pretences. To obtain goods in the same way would constitute a criminal offense.

Unfortunately, courtship, as conducted, is too often a period of probation, in which each party guards most assiduously against being found out by the other, instead of being, as it should, the occasion of that thorough mutual acquaintance which should always precede a marriage.

Every young man should deal honestly with himself. He should say to himself, "If there is anything I do not wish the girl I ask to marry me should know, then it must be something wrong. Now I will correct this wrong, or I will tell her of it; for I will not be so unmanly as to deceive her into marrying me." By dealing honestly with himself in the first place, he comes to a correct understanding of the nature of the fact which he has concealed; then if he deals honestly with the girl, he tells her of it.

People who love each other will marry in spite of the disclosure of many faults; but it is better that these faults should be understood before marriage, rather than first discovered afterwards.

We are sorry to say that concealments and deceptions during courtship are not confined to the sterner sex. They are practiced, perhaps to quite

as great an extent, by young ladies. Many a false-hearted and treacherous girl has a thousand smiles during courtship to every one that illumines her face after marriage.

Whichever side may be in fault, the practical result of the delusions of courtship are the same: they lead to a miserable married life. "If I had known it beforehand, I would never have married you," is the declaration which has proved the knell to the happiness of many an unmarried pair. It would have been much better, in every such case, that the cause of offense, whatever it may be, should have been known before; then the marriage might never have taken place. At all events, this ground of reproach would have been removed.

Be sure that your courtship leaves no delusions to be dispelled after marriage.—*Christian Observer*.

HOLDING ON.

An infidel passing through the shadows that hang around the close of life, and finding himself adrift in the surges of doubt and uncertainty, without anchorage or harbor in view, was urged by his skeptical friends to "hold on." He answered: "I have no objection to holding on, but will you tell me what to hold on by?" Here is a question which men do well to consider before they reach the closing scene. If they are to hold on, what are they to hold on by? Where is their trust? Where is their confidence? What certainty have they as they go down into the shadows? Surely a man who comes to his dying hour needs something better than infidelity can give him; he needs the guiding hand of Him who is the resurrection and the life, who has conquered death and triumphed over the grave, and who is able to bring us safely off at last. He needs that hope which is "as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."—*The Christian*.

CARELESS WIVES.

It is very common to hear the remark made of a young man that he is so industrious and so economical that he is sure to be thrifty and prosperous. And this may be very sure of him so long as he remains single. But what will his habitual prudence avail him against the uncalculating, unthinking wife? He might as well be doomed to spend his strength and life in attempt to catch water in a sieve. The effort would hardly be less certainly in vain. Habits of economy, the way to turn everything in the household affairs to the best account—these are among the things which every mother should teach her daughters. Without such instruction, those who are poor will never become rich, while those who are now rich may become poor.

MIDNIGHT REVERIE OF AN INVALID.

After midnight again, and not the slightest inclination to sleep; though I have not slept two hours in the last thirty-six. How I have, in thought, roamed the world over since the hours became quiet! I wonder if I can recall the text and hymn I chose for the day. If I can keep my mind fixed on them, perhaps they may soothe me to rest. Ah, yes, I remember the two verses from one of David's prayers for deliverance from trouble.

"Behold, God is my helper," and "I will freely sacrifice unto thee." "I will praise thy name, O Lord, for it is good," and the hymn, Montgomery's beautiful one, on "The glories of Jehovah."

What a wonderful thought! God my helper, the Almighty my refuge! Not poor, weak man, who may have the will without the power to help. How sadly these many years of pain and weakness have taught me that "vain is the help of man," when help is most bitterly needed. No, not this weak man, but

God, so great, so high,
He bows Himself to view the sky."

Jehovah, who speaks worlds from naught; can it be possible that God, infinite in power, is also infinitely willing to "help such a poor worm as I?" Yes,

"He hears the uncomplaining moan,
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
In Him the poor may safely trust."

"God is my helper." I know He has been, and by faith I know He will be my helper. Neither His power nor willingness ever fails. He never wearies of helping those who trust Him, but He also is now my helper just to the extent that I look to, and trust in Him for help. Oh, why do I so often persist in groaning under the whole weight of my burdens when I have so gracious a helper?

God is my helper. I might have read that He was the helper of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, of David and all the

ancient worthies whom "time would fail me to mention" without the assurance that His help would avail me in my time of need; but I have the blest assurance in His word, and from past as well as present mercies that I, even I, have the "God of Israel" for my helper.

Then, if God is my helper, I see He does not mean I shall sit still with folded hands and trust Him to do my work. I must work "together with Him." I fear I am prone to forget this, in a measure, at least. Not so much as regards my personal salvation, as when any trouble overtakes me, for, though I too often fail to go to Him for help, I also, when oppressed with care and despondency, seem to give myself up to its power, with the feeling that I cannot help it, so have nothing to do but wait for God to remove it all, without the slightest effort to

"Cast off each weight, bid care depart,
And every fear be gone."

Another thing I noticed was that the Psalmist said, "Behold, God is my helper," as if he wished to call attention to a fact so wonderful and gracious. Here, again, I am afraid I am found wanting.

I am sure I wish people to know that, whenever I am not fretful, gloomy or repining in the midst of deprivations, sickness and sorrow, it is solely because "God is my helper." Yet I fear I do not try as I should, to let them know it. Help me, O Lord, with my lips, as well as in my heart and my life, to "freely sacrifice unto Thee, to praise Thy name, for it is good."

"Let me aloud in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His loving name let me adore
From age to age for evermore."

My thoughts are getting indistinct. I believe "tired nature's sweet restorer" is coming to my relief. This precious boon also, I receive from Thy hand, O Lord, my "helper."—*Exchange*.

"LOST FOR WANT OF A WORD."

"Lost for want of a word!"
Fallen among thieves and dying,
Priests and Levites passing
The place where he lay lying;
He is too faint to call,
Too far off to be heard—
There are those beside life's highway
Lost for want of a word!

"Lost for want of a word!"
All in the black night, straying
Among the mazes of thought,
False light ever betraying.
O! that a human voice
The murky darkness had stirred!
Lost and benighted forever!
Lost for want of a word!

"Lost for want of a word!"
Too high, it may be, and noble
To be ever checked in his sin,
Or led to Christ in his trouble;
No one boldly and truly
To show him where he has erred—
Poor handful of dust and ashes!
Lost for want of a word!

"Lost for want of a word!"
A word that you might have spoken;
Who knows what eyes may be dim,
Or what hearts may be aching and broken?
Go, scatter beside all waters,
Nor sicken at hope deferred;
Let never a soul by thy dumbness,
Be lost for want of a word.

—*Moravian*.

LET GIRLS BE GIRLS.

One of the crying evils of the times is the tendency and disposition of girls to get through girlhood hurriedly and get into womanhood, or rather into young-ladyhood without waiting to enjoy the beautiful season of girlhood. Speaking on this point, Bishop Morris says: "Wait patiently, my dear children, through the whole period of your girlhood. Go not after womanhood; let it come to you. Keep out of public view. Cultivate retirement and modesty. The cares and responsibilities of life will come soon enough. When they come you will meet them, I trust, as true women should. But oh! be not so unwise as to throw away your girlhood. Rob not yourselves of this beautiful season, which, wisely spent, will brighten all your future life."

A WIFE'S FAITH.

In one of the towns of England there is a beautiful little chapel, and a very touching story is told in connection with it. It was built by an infidel. He had a praying wife, but he would not listen to her, would not allow her pastor even to take dinner with them, would not look at the Bible, and would not allow religion even to be talked of. She made up her mind, seeing she could not influence him by her voice, that every day she would pray to God at twelve o'clock for his salvation. She said nothing to him, but every day at that hour she told the Lord about her husband. At the end of twelve months there was no change in him. But she did not give up. Six months more went past. Her faith began to waver and she said, "Will

I have to give him up at last? Perhaps when I am dead He will answer my prayers." When she had got to that point it seemed just as if God had got her where He wanted her. The man came home to dinner one day. His wife was in the dining-room waiting for him, but he didn't come in. She waited some time, and finally looked for him all through the house. At last she thought of going into the little room where she had prayed so often. There he was, praying at the same bed with agony where she had prayed for so many months, asking forgiveness for his sins. And this is a lesson to you wives who have infidel husbands. The Lord saw that woman's faith and answered her prayers.—*Moody's Child Stories*.

Joy.—God delights in joy; and His desire for His people is that they should be trustful and joyful—and this both for their own sakes and for His glory. God needs vigorous workers, and He can only have these by bestowing on them a joy adequate to the greatness of the work. In joy the Apostles went forth to work for God, and they found that the joy of the Lord was their strength. It is joy then, not sorrow, that is our strength; and they that have done most for God, have been those who have had most joy in God.—*H Bonar*.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

QUINCE SNOW.—One-third pound quince marmalade to whites of two eggs and a quarter pound sugar; pile in a pyramid in a dish and bake a pale yellow.

GRAHAM GEMS.—Graham gems are made by taking one pint of milk, one half pint of Graham flour, one half pint wheat flour, one teaspoonful salt, and beat all together till smooth, then add two well beaten eggs. Heat and butter the gem pans, and drop in the dough while they are quite hot. Fill two-thirds full.

A GOOD BREAKFAST DISH.—Take four eggs, three-quarters of a pint of new milk, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut; salt (and pepper if you like it) to suit the taste. Beat the eggs, add the milk and butter, and pour all together into a hot frying-pan containing half a spoonful of lard or butter. Stir constantly for three or four minutes, when it will be ready for the table.

CHAMOMILE.—A decoction of the leaves of common chamomile will destroy every species of insect, and nothing contributes so much to the health of a garden as a number of chamomile plants dispersed through it. No green-house or hot-house should ever be without it, in a green or dried state; either the stalks or flowers will answer. It is said to be a singular fact that if a plant is drooping and apparently dying, in nine cases out of ten it will recover if you plant chamomile near it.

FOR TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak one cup tapioca over night. In the morning put the tapioca in one quart of milk; as soon as the milk comes to the boiling point, have ready the yolks of three eggs well beaten into a cup of sugar, and stir in; let this cook just long enough to thicken; if cooked too much it will whey and be spoiled. Have the whites ready beaten to a stiff froth, and stir just as you remove the cream from the fire; or, after the tapioca custard is put into the dish the whites may be placed on top irregularly and just browned.

POTATOES.—A common dish for common people many think, especially if cooked unpeeled. Not if you know how to cook them. Many boil them in a great pot of water, and then let them stand in that water after they are cooked. Always try to have potatoes of uniform size, cut out any rough places made by moles or worms, place them in a pot and merely cover with water, keep the lid on and do not let them stop boiling. Boil fifteen or twenty minutes, until done, pour off any water which may remain, and let them begin to dry in a pot over a slow fire, thus you have a "dainty dish to set before a king."

TO MAKE REAL HONEY SOAP.—Cut two pounds of common bar soap into thin shavings, and put it into a tin pail, with barely hot water enough to cover it. Place the pail into a kettle of boiling water, and when its contents are melted, stir them thoroughly, and add a quarter pound of honey, and a quarter pound of almond oil and a quarter of a pound of powdered borax. Mix all together by stirring well for ten minutes. Then add oil of cinnamon, a few drops of oil of bergamot, or any scent which is preferred. Mix it well, and turn the soap into a deep dish to cool, then cut into squares. It can be used at once, but improves by age. It can be made into soap balls by adding quantities of white sand and Indian meal, until it is so stiff that you can roll it in the hands. There is no soap that will whiten the hands like this.

Miscellaneous.

THE SCENE FROM MY WINDOW.

BY A. D. WALKER.

Hills towering high toward the Heavens,
That seem to be kissing the skies,
While trees all about them are stirring,
To hide them from curious eyes.

The river, the beautiful river,
Is gliding along at their feet,
It gleams in the sunlight and sparkles,
Nor stays in its course ever fleet.

The willows are dipping their branches
Far into the water to drink,
For they love the beautiful river,
And crowd close to its reedy brink.

Just this side I see of the river,
A field of the ripening grain,
All blue are the waves of the water,
All golden the waves of the grain.

And nearer, yes nearer, my window,
I catch little glimpses of white,
And I know 'tis a lonely cottage
'Most hidden away from our sight.

All green are the fields that surround it,
Except where the ripening grain,
Waves now in its rich golden beauty,
As if glad to vary the plain.

Oh! in all this view from my window,
I learn of the Father above,
Who stretched out the plains in their beauty,
And reared up the hills in His love.

Who deweth the earth with the rivers,
And causeth the water to flow;
He makes the grain meet for the harvest,
And blesses the high and the low.

—Methodist.

MT. ETNA AND ITS ERUPTIONS.

To get a notion of the size of the most famous of volcanoes the unscientific mind will resort to the aid of Professor Jukes, who tells us: "If we were to put Snowdon, the highest mountain in Wales, on the top of Ben Nevis, the highest in Scotland, and Carrantouhill, the highest in Ireland, on the summit of both, we should make a mountain but a very little higher than Etna; and we should require to heap up a great number of other mountains round the flanks of our new one in order to build a gentle, sloping pile, which should equal Etna in bulk." Its majestic height is, however, less imposing to the imagination than its vast extent, for "Il Monte" has an area of 462 square miles, rather larger than that of Bedfordshire, and a population of more than double that of the English county. Two cities, Catania and Aci Reale, and sixty two small towns, cluster upon the slopes of the awful mountain, whose entrails are fire, and whose breath is flame and lightning. Nine miles beneath the crater, which is 1,000 feet in depth, three miles in width (it was rent anew into great fissures by the last eruption), the habitable zone commences, and is tenanted by 300,000 souls. Only the Val del Bove, commencing two miles from the summit, where Sir Charles Lyell believes there formerly existed a centre of permanent eruption, is altogether sterile now; the other sides of the mountain are clothed with trees at the same level. And such trees! Fourteen separate forests form the Regione Selvosa, and they abound with the oak, beech, pine, and poplar, with the chestnut, the ilex, and the cork-tree. Mariposa and Calaveras cannot beat the "Castagna di Cento Cavalli," in the forest of Carpinetto, on the east side of the mountain, in whose trunk, through which the public road now passes, a Queen of Aragon once took shelter, with a suite of a 100 horsemen. The Regione Coltivata, whose soil consists of decomposed lava, is lavishly fruitful; of the three regions, of which the Deserta has the most powerful charm for the imagination, Brydone says:—

"Besides the corn, the wine, the oil, the silk, the spice, and delicious fruits of its lower region; the beautiful forests, the flocks, the game; the tar, the cork, the honey of its second; the snow and ice of its third,—it affords from its caverns a variety of minerals and other productions, cinnabar, mercury, sulphur, alum, nitre, and vitriol, so that this wonderful mountain, at the same time, produces every necessary and every luxury of life."

The story of the ascent of the mountain from whose summit Plato, in his serene and thoughtful time, and Mr. Gladstone, in our troublous days, have among many great men, in great wonder, watched the sunrise, has a strong fascination, because of its wide contrast, its stern exaction of strength and endurance, and its supreme, awe-inspiring reward,—the realization of that which inspired the ancients and the poets of the middle ages. From the banana and the orange groves, from the vineyards and the palms, through the seven botanical regions into which the botanists have divided the realm protected of Persephone—because "mid the billowy cornfields of her mother, Demeter, and the meadow-flowers she loved in girlhood, are ever found sulphurous ravines, and chasms breath-

ing vapor from the pit of Hades"—to the snow-capped crust that spreads for ten square miles between the awful depth of unquenchable fire, and the blue heaven that suddenly seems to be brought near, the traveller mounts, with an ever-increasing sense of the vastness beyond and around him.

When twelve miles of the ascent from Catania have been accomplished, the summit looks as far off as ever. When Mr. Rodwell made the ascent, in August, 1877, no rain had fallen in Sicily for three months, and along the eastern seabase of the mountain the mean temperature was 82° Fahr. His starting point was Catania; his first halt at Nicolosi, a little town, consisting of one long street, bordered by one-storied cottages of lava. Nicolosi has more than once been shaken to the ground by earthquakes. From thence begins the journey, on mule-back, by no defined path, over a vast tract covered with lava and ashes, with here and there patches of broom. The mules know all about it, and wise travellers trust them as they deserve. While his mule bore him unguided up the steep slope of the trackless waste, Mr. Rodwell wrote his notes, and at the time of the setting sun used his pocket spectroscope. Around the district of lava and ashes lie forests of small trees, and at a height of 4,216 feet is the Casa del Bosco, where men in charge of the woods live, and whence the start for quite the upper regions of the mountain—where cold surpassing that of the higher Alps has to be encountered—is made. There, Mr. Rodwell records, "the air was so extraordinarily still, that the flame of a candle placed near the open door of the house did not flicker." At 6,300 feet, the Regione Deserta is entered; lifelessness is all around; silence broods over the waste of black sand, ashes, and lava; ants are the only living creatures in the crater region. A little lower down Spallanzani found jays, thrushes, ravens, kites, and a few partridges. There was no moon on the night on which Mr. Rodwell made the ascent; but as the desolation deepened, and the earth became more arid, and more void and mute, the heavens "took up the wondrous tale." "The stars," he says, "shone with extraordinary brilliancy, and sparkled like particles of white-hot steel. I have never before seen the heavens studded with such myriads of stars. The Milky Way shone like a path of fire, and meteors flashed across the sky in such numbers that I soon gave up any attempt to count them. The vault of heaven seemed to be much nearer than when seen from the earth, and more flat, as if only a short distance above our heads, and some of the brighter stars appeared to be hanging down from the sky."

A hundred years ago, Brydone, beholding this same wondrous spectacle of "awful majesty and splendor," records how he and his companion were "more struck with veneration than below," how they exclaimed together, "What a glorious situation for an observatory! had Empedocles had the eyes of Galileo, what discoveries must he not have made!" and how they regretted that Jupiter was not visible, as he was persuaded they might have discovered some of his satellites with the naked eye, or at least with a small glass which he had in his pocket. There is every probability that next year will see an observatory at the Casa Inglese, a small lava-house near the base of the cone of the great crater, built by the English officers stationed in Sicily in 1811.

At 1.30 A. M., with the temperature at 4 degrees Fahr., Mr. Rodwell reached the welcome shelter of the Casa Inglese, and rested there until 3 A. M., when, the brighter stars having disappeared, he started for the summit of the great crater, 1,200 feet above him, in order to witness what Brydone calls "the most wonderful and most sublime sight in nature." There was no strong wind; the traveler did not suffer from the sickness of which travelers constantly complain in the rarefied air of the summit. He reached the highest point at 4.40, and cautiously choosing a coolish place among the cinders, sat down on the ground, whence steam and sulphurous-acid gas were issuing, to wait for the sunrise:—"Above the place where the sun would presently appear there was a brilliant red, shading off in the direction of the zenith to orange and yellow; this was succeeded by pale green, then a long stretch of pale blue, darker blue, dark grey, ending opposite the rising sun with black. This effect was quite distinct, it lasted some minutes, and was very remarkable. This was succeeded by the usual rayed appearance, and at ten minutes to 5 the upper limb of the sun was seen over the mountains of Calabria."

So simply does Mr. Rodwell record the guerdon of his toil, for as he says truly, no one would have the hardihood to attempt to describe the impressions which are made upon the mind, while the eyes are beholding the sunrise from the summit of Etna. How greatly the isolation of the awful mountain adds to

the incommunicable effect Brydone implies, when he dwells upon "the immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn, as it were, to a single point, without any neighboring mountains for the senses and imagination to rest upon and recover from their astonishment, in their way down to the world." It must be a wonderful experience to turn from such a contemplation to gaze into the vast, precipitous abyss of the great crater, even when it is quiet, as on this occasion. In 1838, when Mr. Gladstone made the ascent, the fire-forces were in activity, and he witnessed a "slight" eruption, involving such trifles as lava-masses 200 pounds in weight being thrown a distance of a mile and a half, and a black column of ashes being shot from time to time out of the uttermost depths of the crater far above its edge.

The minor craters look small in comparison with the great mass of the mountains, but in reality some of them are of great size—as, for instance, the double mountain, called "Monti Rossi," from the red cinders that compose it—and are richly covered with vegetation. Seventy-eight eruptions are recorded since Etna has had a history, the earliest in the time of Pythagoras, the most recent in 1874; of these Mr. Rodwell remarks that not more than nineteen have been of extreme violence, while the majority have been of a slight and comparatively harmless character. The ancient, immortal, one-eyed giant keeps up the character of the race for good nature.—*London Spectator*.

SCENES IN MOROCCO.

On every side, as you travel through the country, you cannot help noticing the fertility of the land. Delicious fruits grow almost wild in great abundance,—oranges, pomegranates, apricots, peaches, quinces, almonds, vines and fig-trees. Wide fields of grain wave before your eyes, as surely they would not were it not that the soil barely needs to be turned over; for, through all the centuries since this coast was first cultivated, not one particle of improvement do the people seem to have made in their clumsy methods. When a native farmer finds he can no longer sit in the sun and postpone his plowing, if he is to have any crop at all, he catches a donkey and a goat, or a cow and a mule, or any other creatures (including his wife) that will pull, and harnesses them to a plow which would be a fine curiosity for one of our agricultural fairs, since it is simply some sticks of wood bound together so that the sharply pointed end of the main or handle piece, is dragged along a little under the sod. Yet we must not forget that much nearer home a like lack of progress is seen; for in parts of Mexico an almost exactly similar excuse for a plow has been used for three hundred years, and may perhaps be used for three hundred more.

When the caravan reaches a town of considerable size, a stop is likely to be made for some days, in order to allow trading to be carried on. But business is not permitted to worry the traders much, and between the entertainments of the village people and the recreations at the camp, the stranger will not lack for amusement. It is to this race, it is always to be remembered, that we owe the Arabian Nights' tales. Of these stories our translations contain only a selection, and as you sit and sip your coffee, tea, or lemonade in some little cafe of whitewashed stone, you hear the old plots and the familiar names, and many new romances of the same kind, told by men who do nothing else. These tales form the treasure of a very numerous class of men and women throughout the East, who find a livelihood in reciting them to crowds never tired of listening. The public squares of all the towns abound with such men, whose recitations, full of gestures and suggestive looks, hold a circle of silent listeners spell-bound with the pleasing pictures their imaginations conjure. It is said that the physicians frequently recommend the story-tellers to their patients in order to soothe the pain, to calm agitation, or to produce sleep; and, accustomed to talk to sick folk, they modulate their voices, soften their tones, and gently cease as sleep steals over the sufferer.

Quite the opposite of this quiet and dreamy amusement, which takes the place of our theatres, are the shows of the snake-charmers, who everywhere collect pennies from admiring groups. They sit on the ground and handle the serpents in every way, allowing them to coil about their arms, necks and body, and dart long, forked tongues almost into their faces, while one of the group hammers a tambourine as though his life depended on it. I cannot conceive how this so-called music has anything to do with the wonderful control exercised over the snakes by the juggler; I should think they would grow cross, rather than be "charmed," by its incessant discords.—*Ernest Ingersoll; St. Nicholas for May*.

Selections.

Do-to-day thy nearest duty.—*Goethe*.

If a man have love in his heart, he may talk in broken language, but it will be eloquence to those who listen.

If one has served thee, tell the deed to many; hast thou served many, tell it not to any.

How can we expect a harvest of thought who have not had a seed-time of character.—*Thoreau*.

Blessed are they who live above the world while they are living in it, anticipating heaven by receiving its spirit before they breathe its air.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part the kindness should begin on ours.—*Tillotson*.

Nothing more hinders a soul from coming to Christ than a vain love of the world; and till a soul is freed from it, it can never have true love for God.—*Bunyan*.

Sorrows gather around great souls as storms do around mountains; but, like them, they break the storm and purify the air of the plain beneath them.—*Jean Paul*.

We are firm believers in the maxim that, for all right judgment of any man or thing, it is useful, nay, essential, to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad.—*Carlyle*.

Hannah More says that there is one single fact that one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity, that no man ever repented of Christianity on his death-bed.

The best recipe for going through life in an exquisite way with beautiful manner, is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, need all the kindness they can get from others.

Murmur at nothing. If our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if irremediable, it is vain. A Christian builds his fortune on a better foundation than stoicism; he is pleased with everything that happens, because he knows it could not happen if it did not please God; and that which pleases God must be best.—*H. L. Weyland*.

I know not what the world may think of my labors, but to myself it seems that I have been but a child playing on the seashore; now finding some pebble more highly polished, and now some shell more agreeably variegated than another, while the immense ocean of truth extended itself unexplored before me.—*Str Isaac Newton*.

We talk much of the badness of the world, and there are no men that do more to make it bad than bad parents and family governors. Many call for Church reformation and State reformation; but if men would reform their families and agree in a holy education of their children and a religious care of their servants, every Church and State would soon be reformed, when they were made up of such reformed families.

Christians should be habitually joyful. They are the only people in this world who have reason to be happy. The Bible enjoins this joy, and one design of the means of grace is to "fill them with all joy and peace in believing." And yet many go through life with their heads bowed like bulrushes, and scarcely ever have any good hope or any appreciable and comforting sense of God's favor.

All this is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
Ripening with a wondrous power
Till the final harvest hour:
Grant, O Lord of life, that we,
Holy grain and pure may be.

—Dean Alford.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security,
And they a blissful course may hold,
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Yet seek that other strength according to their need.

—Wordsworth.

Science and Art.

The pastor of the Congregational Church at Mansfield, Ohio, has a telephone in his pulpit with the wires leading to the houses of several aged and invalid members of his parish. The instrument is placed on a table in front of where he stands, and is not conspicuous to the congregation. While he speaks he pays it no attention, but every word he says is easily heard by his distant auditors. His first utterances before the telephone were the Scriptural sentences: "The Word is nigh unto thee," and "His Word runneth swiftly."

THE USES OF PAPER.—Paper has now come into an astonishing variety of uses. One of the technical papers gives the following enumeration of articles manufactured from paper displayed at the recent Berlin Exhibition: Animals, wash basins, water cans, carpeting, bonnets, a ship full rigged, lanterns, hats, masks, shirts, clothes in full suits, straps, caps, handkerchiefs, napkins, bath tubs, buckets, bronzes, flowers, urns, window blinds, asphalt roofing, material for garden walks, coral, jewelry, window curtains, skirts, lace, belting, a house made of pine, with paper roof, ceiling, cornice, interior walls, furniture, curtains, chandeliers, carpeting, ornamental doors, mantel and table ornaments, and, finally, a stove of asbestos paper, burning away cheerfully and not consuming itself.

A GREAT RUSSIAN TELESCOPE PROJECTED.—At a meeting of the Naval Institute, held in Washington, May 30th, Professor Newcomb stated that he has received letters from Otto Strune, Director of the Pulkowa Observatory, announcing that the Russian Government has voted 250,000 roubles for the construction of the largest telescope that can be advantageously made, including the buildings in which to mount it. The object glass is intended to be between thirty inches and three feet in diameter, if the glass-makers find it practicable to cast a disc of this size of the necessary evenness and purity. It has not yet been decided who shall undertake the most difficult part of the work, the grinding of the glass, and before deciding it Strune intends to visit

this country in order to examine the Washington and other great telescopes made by Alvan Clark & Sons. He will probably arrive here for this purpose some time during the Summer. Should his examination prove satisfactory, he will be ready to open negotiations with the Clarks for the work if he is sure it will be done enough better to warrant the risk of sending the glass twice across the Atlantic.

Personal.

Mr. Ruskin has vacated the chair of Fine Arts at Oxford.

The Professorship of Mathematics at the Wellesley College, Massachusetts, has been offered to Miss Ida Brown, of Bangor, Maine.

The Duke of Argyll is on a visit to the Marquis of Lorne in Canada. He declined a public reception in New York.

General James Shields, who was actively engaged in two wars of the country, and who was at different times United States Senator from three States in the Union, died in St. Louis on the 1st inst.

The Rev. Professor Hitchcock wants the rich churches of New York and Brooklyn to throw their doors open in the afternoons to the masses, as the Roman Catholic cathedrals and churches do; to avoid ushers, and to let every man sit where he pleases.

Father Giovanni, the Italian tenor, has become immensely fat, and continues to draw wonderful crowds to the Roman churches whenever he sings. To keep him in the Church and from accepting the offers of operatic managers, it is said that he has been given a more than princely salary.

Gen. Grant's departure from Lucknow was exceedingly stately. A long line of big elephants were stationed along the railroad track near the station, a battery fired off a royal salute, a military guard was drawn up facing the station, and a band played one of our National airs, while the British officers and civilians stood with uncovered heads.

Books and Periodicals.

SIX MONTHS AT MRS. PRIOR'S. By Emily Adams. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. \$1.25.

In this fresh little story, which is addressed especially to young girls, the author tries to impress the lesson that the disagreeable and annoying duties of life may be made pleasant by accepting them as inevitable, and asking help from above. Mrs. Prior is the widow of a clergyman, and has been left with five little ones to support. She discharges her servant, and divides the lighter duties of the household between herself and the two eldest of her children, Minnie and Helen. Unaccustomed to anything but study and play, the girls find it very hard to have their old time appointments for enjoyment circumscribed, and complain bitterly at first. The book gives a history of their experiences, and shows how the work that was so irksome at first became in the end a source of pleasure and means of helpful discipline.

LONG LIFE, AND HOW TO REACH IT. By J. G. Richardson, M. D., of Philadelphia, Professor of Hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania, etc. This is the second of the Series of Health Primers edited by W. W. Keen, M. D., Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, and published by Lindsay & Blackiston, 25 South Sixth Street. The relation of the author of the volume before us, to the leading University of the State, is doubtless a guarantee that there is no quackery in the book.

PASTOR'S POCKET MANUAL, OR PERPETUAL POCKET RECORDE. Undenominational. Arranged by Rev. Sylvanus Stall, A. M. Albany, New York: D. R. Niver, 40 State Street; Chicago, Ill.: Fairbanks & Co., 54 and 56 Madison Street. Pp. 200. Price \$1. For sale by Reformed Church Publication Board. This is a very convenient affair for pastors. It is bound in flexible morocco, which fits it for being carried in the pocket. It is neatly and appropriately ruled, and provides for memoranda on almost every thing incident to a pastor's work. It is what it professes to be, a complete Pastor's manual, or perpetual record. Every pastor will find it advantageous to possess it.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of the LIVING AGE for the weeks ending May 24 and 31 and June 7, respectively, contain the following articles: William Cobbett, and South Africa, *Edinburgh Review*; The Paths of the North-west frontier of India, *Blackwood*; The Expedition of Philip II. to England, *Fortnightly*; Mauritius, and Dr. John Aiken, *Fraser*; Two impostors of the Eighteenth Century, *Cornhill*; Mr. Gladstone's "Probability as the Guide of Conduct," MR. GOSCHEN'S "Cultivation of the Imagination," The Melancholy of the Educated English, and Republican Intolerance in France, *Spectator*; The Evolution of Games, and Hard Up, *Saturday Review*; with continuations of JEAN INGLOW'S "Sarah de Berenger," the whole of a story by THOMAS HARDY, and the opening chapters of a new work by the author of "PATTY," and the usual poetical selections.

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THE PENN MONTHLY, devoted to Literature, Science, Art and Politics, June 1879. Contents: The Month.—British affairs in Zululand and Afghanistan.—English Financial Blunders and their Results.—Unpopularity of the English Tories.—French Politics and Politicians.—Prince Bismarck's Tariff Methods.—The Russian Nihilists.—The Extra Session of Congress.—More Silver Legislation.—Secretary Sherman's Latest Financial Coup de Theatre. The Key to Success, W. W. Kinsley; My Testament, C. E.; Our Hospitals for the Insane, E. M. Lawney; Private Letters of Wilson, Ord and Bonaparte, Edited by Dr. Elliot Coues, U. S. A.; Reputation: Past, Present and Future, III., Henry C. Carey. Published for the Penn Monthly Association, by Edward Stern & Co., Nos. 125 and 127 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia. Terms: \$3.00 per annum; Single numbers, 30 cents.

THE PREACHER AND HOMILETIC MONTHLY for June is an interesting number. Among its contents are the following: Sermonic: "Not Yet," by Charles E. Deems, D. D., LL. D.; "Witnessing for the Truth—The Overthrow of the Papacy," Part II., by Justin D. Fulton, D. D.; "Has Christ Risen?" by Rev. Canon Liddon, D. D.; "Correction in Measure," by Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D.; "The Lord's Jewels," by Rev. Homer McVay; "To Visitors of the Sick," by Rev. Prof. E. P. Thwing; "The Impotence of Science," Address by Byron Sunderland, D. D.; "Paul's Anthropology," by Rev. Prof. A. J. Nelson; "Sons of God," by T. L. Cuyler, D. D.; "The Ethiopian Treasurer," by Wm. M. Taylor, D. D.; "Strangers and Sojourners," by Rev. T. A. Conradi; "The Rent Vail," by Rev. M. C. Cameron; Missionary Service: "The Bane and the Antidote," by Wayland Hoyt, D. D.; "The Power of Printed Truth in Heathen Lands," by H. M. Seudder, D. D. Installation Service: "The Source, Character and Work of Pastors," by Rev. J. T. Davis. This number contains also, A Model Prayer-meeting Service, by Rev. Lewis O. Thompson; a continuation of "The Suggestive Commentary on a Harmony of the Gospels," by the Editor; "Sermonic Criticism," "Preachers Exchanging Views," etc. This Monthly will prove very valuable to all clergymen and theological students. Price, \$2.50 per year; 25 cents single copy. Religious Newspaper Agency, New York.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
Rev. T. J. BARKLEY,
Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1879.

PENTECOST.

Under this heading the New York Tribune of May 31st, has an article from which we quote the following:

"We, practical New Yorkers, are asked to believe that once, centuries ago, on a Spring day, a body of ordinary men, just such as we meet in our daily business—tax-gatherers, fishermen and inn-keepers—being assembled in an upper room, the little house was suddenly shaken as by a mighty rushing wind, and these men, who until then had been uncultured and common-place, with no genius or special gift of mind or body, were instantly filled with the Divine Spirit, and became to a degree as gods, inspired to speak the highest truths to every man in his native tongue.

"Now the question which comes into every man's mind when he hears this story is, Why is not this thing done now? The world surely needs the truth just as much as then. There is as much drunkenness, and fraud, and unchastity in New York this morning as in Jerusalem under Pilate. The men and women in Broadway are no whit different in nature, from those who crowded up to the great Oriental mart. Their God was really our God. Why does not the rushing wind come to us, and the tongues of fire?"

The Tribune says that a secular newspaper is not an index to the popular mind; it is simply a mass of facts—a record of the Stock Market, of the hunting down of the Nihilists, of police reports and party policy; but it may nevertheless suggest questions like the above to the clergy. It ventures to ask that "The story of Pentecost" be thought of in a plain, practical way, and in the light of these daily happenings. It seems to admit an "immortal fire," but wants a modern meaning for what occurred at Jerusalem those centuries ago. And these are the questions it puts.

"Is there no power at work now, influencing men and nations, which is neither intellect, nor reason, nor emotional passion? Is there no such thing to-day as a supernatural force, like a mighty rushing wind blowing through great masses of people, or the mind, perhaps, of our common-place neighbors, changing instantly and without rational cause their motives, lifting them suddenly to new planes of thought and action? Did we never know anybody on whom this tongue of fire had rested; who spoke the absolute truth to us—truth that had nothing to do with expediency or money-making, or getting on in the world?"

The first of these questions might be easily answered in the affirmative, but the last seems to be the test, and it is about on a par with that which asks, Why the ambassadors of Christ have not their preaching attested by miracles now, as well as in the days of the apostles? There is a seeking after the signs and wonders that attended the first full Advent of the Comforter, as if His presence and power depended upon these things. There has, indeed, in the course of the ages, been no lack of pretensions to the supernatural demonstrations, that marked the outpouring of the Spirit upon the original disciples. More than one fanatical sect has claimed, that it was moved by the mighty rushing wind, and some of them have professed to speak with tongues of fire. Yea, it is a common thing for people acting under strong religious emotions, to attribute the noise of their meetings to a re-enacting of the scenes that were witnessed in the upper chamber, where the disciples assembled for the fulfillment of Christ's promise. Yet, there are no phenomena, in regard to which men are more likely to be mistaken. They have not satisfied such demands as the Tribune makes. But the question still reverts, Why have we no longer the genuine de-

monstrations? Evidently because God has not intended these manifestations to be continuous. They were but the signs that accompanied the inauguration, and which might be withdrawn, when the dispensation of the Spirit had been permanently established.

The Comforter was to abide with the Church forever, and not withdraw in such a way, as to require repeated advents with signals from heaven. And whatever may be said of the imperfections of individuals, or even of the Church, which was to be as a net gathering of every kind, the Holy Ghost is still with God's people, and is exercising an influence, for the staying of evil and the promotion of holiness, which, if taken from the world for a single week, would show even the "practical New Yorkers," that they had no appreciation of God's mercy towards them, and make them cease from interjecting their questionings of the Divine procedure, among their records of stock markets, police reports and party policy.

AN INFIDEL OVER THE BIER OF HIS BROTHER.

The funeral of Hon. Eben C. Ingersoll, member of Congress from Illinois, took place in Washington, on the 2d inst. His brother, Robert G. Ingersoll, the noted reviler of the Bible, delivered the oration, and made use of the occasion to ignore God, and the life and immortality which Jesus Christ has brought to light. If we thought it an intrusion upon the sanctity of private grief, we would make no comment upon the subject, but the infidelity has been so publicly flaunted, that it would be well if people could see, what kind of comfort is to be derived from the thoughts expressed, even when infused with all the ardor of natural affection. Speaking of his deceased brother, the orator said:

"While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet, after all, it may be best just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar as above a sunken ship. For whether in mid-sea or among the breakers of the further shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all; and every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love, and every moment jewelled with a joy, will at its close become a tragedy, as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

"He climbed the heights, and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day. He believed that happiness was the only good; reason the only torch; justice the only worship; humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and, were every one for whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

"Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word, but in the night of death Hope sees a star, and listening Love can hear the rustle of a wing.

"He who sleeps here when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath; 'I am better now.' Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas and tears and fears, that these dear words are true of the countless dead."

What golden dawning of a better day there can be for one who goes to "pathetic dust," assured that "every life ends in a disaster," it is hard to tell. This world is all for him, yet the light goes out at noon, leaving no hope beyond that of the brutes that perish, and alas! with no realization of anything worse. No flowers can make the grave of such an one a pleasant spot.

There was no Christian burial for the deceased Congressman—no committing of the body to the tomb, in the hope of the resurrection of the just, and no formal leaving the spirit in the hands of Him who gave it. The surviving brother closed his address by consigning it to the care of the pall-bearers, the undertaker and the sexton. That was all.

WHAT HAS BEEN SPENT FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The Treasurer of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, at the late meeting at Saratoga, stated, that \$8,750,000 had passed through his hands for the support of Foreign Missions, and that the whole amount contributed to that work, by the Presbyterian Church in the last forty-two years aggregated \$9,766,000. This large sum has been expended in less than half a century by the church represented in the Saratoga Assembly alone. Other denominations, and other branches of the Presbyterian Church, have been equally active and liberal in extending the kingdom of Christ among the heathen, so that, to arrive at anything like a correct conclusion, as to what has been contributed to this cause, the amount stated above must be multiplied several times. And when the contributions of the church in other lands for the same period, are added to this, we begin to see that the whole sum is swelled to an almost incredible amount.

The facts and figures suggested by this statement fully answer the charge, often made, that the Church is indifferent to the commandment to preach the Gospel to every creature. They also show that she is laboring, with sacrificing zeal, to carry the light and blessings of the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth. A great and glorious work is being accomplished, which the world can neither see nor understand.

The Reformed Church has hitherto done very little in the work of Foreign Missions. Her past history in this country, with respect to this part of the duty imposed upon the Church by our blessed Lord, is almost a blank. She has not even come up to the full measure of her ability in the work of Home Missions. But it is fondly hoped a change has taken place. A new era, so to speak, has been inaugurated. In a short time she will have a representative, sent out under her own auspices, and with her own blessing, in the Foreign field. We shall see whether that blessing meant nothing, or whether it proceeded from the motherly heart of the Church, animated and warmed with love for the souls, whom the Master has commanded her to gather into her bosom. The amount of money that will flow into the treasury, will prove whether or not the sympathy and prayers of the Church are with this enterprise, and also the extent of our zeal for the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom in the heathen world. It will show the measure of our willingness to enter the door which the Lord has opened for us, and what amount of sacrifices we are willing to make, in order that the number of missionaries may be increased from year to year, until we shall be found doing our whole duty in preaching the Gospel to those, who are now in the midnight of spiritual darkness and death.

Will it pay? The large amount contributed by the Presbyterian Church, in the last forty-two years, has been repaid a hundred-fold. The other denominations, who have given liberally to the cause, have been rewarded. They have the Lord's receipt in full for every dollar laid, in true faith, upon His altar, to carry forward the great work of evangelizing the world. Blessings have come back from China and Japan, from India and the Islands of the Sea, from the frozen North and the Sunny South, from every point where the banner of the cross has been raised above the strongholds of Satan. They have increased in numbers and wealth, in piety and liberality. They have been blessed at home, because they have been, in a large measure, faithful in carrying the light of the Gospel to those who were in the moral darkness and degradation of idolatry. They will continue to be blessed, as long as they are true to this duty imposed by the Lord upon His Church.

Does the Reformed Church desire to share in these blessings? Does she long and pray for fuller consecration to the service of the Lord, that her light may shine both at home and abroad? Is she willing to cast her bread upon the waters, and to wait for its return after many days?

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

We are taught in the Nicene Creed, that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son. If we turn to the sacred Scriptures we will find this article of the Christian faith abundantly verified. The very office of the Holy Ghost in the work of our salvation indicates this cardinal truth. He applies the saving work of Christ to men. Of Him we must be born again, in order to be made partakers of the divine nature, and be saved from the corruption of our fallen nature. He is therefore "the Lord, the Giver of life," as the creed also affirms; and He preserves those who in the new birth are united to Christ in that life which they have in common with their divine-human Head. It is His office to unite the heavenly and earthly elements which constitute our renewed nature; hence, He makes effectual the visible means which Christ appointed for our advancement in the Christian virtues and graces, and prepares us for the heavenly state. He is the Life, Light and Power of the Word and sacraments, and without His presence in them they would be lifeless and useless.

In Rev. 5: 6, the Holy Ghost is represented by the seven eyes of the slain Lamb, called the seven Spirits of God, sent forth into all the world to bear the light of the knowledge of Jesus Christ to the souls of men; and in Chap. 22: 1, the cleansing and sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost and His life-giving energy, are set forth under the symbol of a pure river of water proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

The truth that is here so beautifully symbolized, stands in necessary relation to the doctrine of the divine Trinity. The pure river of life flows from the throne of God and of the Lamb. The Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son. Father and Son are here declared to be the joint occupants of one and the same throne, equal in power, dignity and glory. And from this throne proceeds the exhaustless river of life: that is, the divine Spirit proceeds from the Father and Son, and bears the divine love and grace to the souls of redeemed men. He brings them into fellowship and communion with the blessed Trinity, the eternal family, from which all true family life is derived. "By one Spirit are we all baptized into one body." He takes of the things of Christ, and shows them unto His people. He brings all things to their remembrance which they had been taught. He pours into their hearts the light of truth, and drives away the darkness of error and doubt. Hence, He is the Comforter. He shows the weary pilgrim the way which he had lost. In the Church on earth He reigns as the God of sanctification, and flows as the River of Life over the hearts of men.

God's eternal and unchangeable love is exhibited in this beautiful symbolical representation. A river flowing through a valley is a great temporal blessing. But here we see a river issuing from the very throne of God and the Lamb—a river of love going forth, bearing on its crystal bosom blessing, joy, delight and substance to all the family of God. It is freighted with the precious fruits of Christ's redeeming work completed when He had ascended to the throne, and now made effectual and carried forward by the Spirit going out in His seven-fold fulness, not only through the heavenly country, but into all the earth also, to fill all the people of God with the life and virtues of Christ. The river of divine love issuing from the eternal Fountain in the highest heaven—how it burst forth on the first Christian Pentecost on this lower world, expelling the ignorance of the disciples, removing every vestige of unbelief, and filling every humble soul with joy and peace! The love of God stays not with His beloved Son's humble birth in the manger—nor with the sacrificial blood on Calvary—nor with the glorious revelation of Christ risen and exalted; but is revealed in the substantial fruit of the Spirit's mighty work, by which the light and life of God are conveyed, as on heaven's unfailing River, to the souls of the redeemed.

Among the Exchanges.

We recently remarked that the fruits of hard study during last winter, would become apparent now, that the boating season had opened. Since then, athletic sports have come to the front, as is evident from the following, telegraphed for the New York Tribune. We reprint it as another evidence of tendencies. The details will be interesting and suggestive. Some of the numbers such as '79, '80, '81, etc., indicate the year in which the boys' class will graduate.

BOSTON, May 23.—Another beautiful day favored the Harvard athletes and the friends who came to witness their second day's sport on Jarvis Field. The air was cool; almost too cool, indeed, for the ladies, who were again present in large numbers. About a dozen members of the Union Athletic Club, of Boston, took part in some of the contests, appearing in the 100 yards dash, the one-mile walk and the half-mile run.

The first event was a bicycle handicap. Entries: Abbey, '81, (75 yards); Sturgis, '81, (scratch); Swan, '81, (scratch); Cressy, '82, (100 yards); Wright, '81, (50 yards); Homer, '79, (scratch). Swan managed to pass all except Wright by the fourth lap and succeeded in gaining first place in the last lap. Time, 3:31½; Wright was second in 3:32, and Cressy was third in 3:35. Swan was the winner of the same event last Fall, distance one mile.

The second open event was the 100-yards dash. Entries: F. Donaldson, '79; Brackett, U. A. C.; Edmonds, U. A. C.; Wendell, '82; Lathrop, U. A. C. Wendell won in same time as yesterday, 10½ seconds, beating Brackett by two yards. Donaldson and Lathrop were tied for the third place. Brackett's time was 10½ seconds.

The third event was putting the shot. R. Bacon, '82, covered 32 feet 5 inches, and Crutcher, '83, 33 feet 10 inches.

The fourth event, one fifth mile hurdle race, was entered by Cowdin, '79; Butler L. S.; Storr, '79; Uruhart, '79; and Twombly, '79. Cowdin took the lead and won in 52 seconds. Butler was close at the last hurdle, but fell, and in spite of a plucky effort to keep the second place, was passed by Twombly 3 feet from the tape. Twombly's time was 53½ seconds.

Next came the hop, step and jump, for which there were nine entries. Thompson, '82, the winner of the broad jump yesterday, covered 38 feet 11 inches. Taft, '81, covered 37 feet 7 inches, and Fowler, '80, 36 feet 7 inches.

The half-mile run, which was an open event, was entered by Dennie, Allen, Riley, Williams and Greenough, of the U. A. C.; Crehore, '82, and Simmons, '80. The last named won by 20 yards in 2 minutes 8 seconds; Greenough's time was 2 minutes 12 seconds, and Riley pressed Dennie closely for the third place.

In the high jump, Sturgis, '81, reached 4 feet 11 inches, and Hubbard, '82, 4 feet 5 inches.

For the one-mile walk, an open event, the entries were Merrill, Green, Rodee, and Shedd, of the U. A. C., and Huidekoper, '80. Huidekoper and Green withdrew. Merrill covered the distance in 7 minutes 5 seconds, the best time ever made on the field. Shedd dropped out in the third lap, and Rodee was distanced.

The final heat of the bicycle contest was won by Swan in 3 minutes 30 seconds. Wright was again second in 3:31½.

In the pole jump, Fowler, '80, reached 7 feet and Paine, '81, 6 feet 6 inches.

The steeple chase was won by Cowdin, who ran the mile and three-fourths in 9 minutes 10 seconds. James was second, 100 feet behind.

About 2,500 people were present, and the sports were considered the best ever held by the association in the field.

CLASSIS OF EAST PENNSYLVANIA.

Classis met in annual sessions at Lehighton, Carbon county, Pa., on Monday before Ascension Day, May 19, 1879, at 2 P. M. The President, Rev. D. Y. Heisler, preached the opening sermon from Matt. viii. 1-4.

Ministers present, twenty-nine; absent six. Elders present, twenty-six. Rev. I. E. Graeff, of the Classis of East Susquehanna, and Rev. N. Z. Snyder, of the Classis of Tohickon, were received as advisory members.

Rev. Levi K. Derr was elected President by acclamation. Rev. N. S. Strassburger is Stated Clerk. Rev. S. G. Wagner was re-elected Treasurer by acclamation. Rev. I. K. Loos was elected Corresponding Secretary, also by acclamation.

All the amendments to the Constitution of the Church, referred to Classis by the General Synod, were adopted. According to the instruction of the General Synod, Classis requested the pastors to preach in their respective congregations on the subject of the Diaconate. Inasmuch as Classis took preparatory steps for the organization of another Classis, the appointment of a "Reconstruction Committee" on the division of large charges, was postponed till its next annual meeting. The several pastors were requested to "prepare a sketch of the origin and history of their congregations and deposit it in the archives of Classis." As requested by the General Synod, special prayer shall be offered to God in behalf of the Peace Commission, when it meets for deliberation.

Supplies for one year: Rev. L. K. Derr, Lehighton congregation; Rev. Robert Lisberger, Oxford Furnace, Bushkill Centre and St. Peter's congregations; Rev. A. J. G. Dubbs, Emaus congregation; Benj. Weiss, Bladon congregation; Rev. J. N. Bachman, Lowhill congregation, and Rev. I. E. Graeff, Tamaqua, (St. John's) and Summit Hill congregations. Classis took no action in reference to the Rittersville and Freemansburg congregations.

Rev. H. H. W. Hibshman reported that, with the permission of Classis, given at its last annual meeting, he organized a Reformed congregation at Bangor, Northampton county, Pa. It stands in connection with the Mt. Bethel charge, of which he is pastor. Classis appropriated the sum of \$400.00 to this new interest, for the purpose of assisting it in the erection of a chapel.

The petitions of the two congregations composing the Kreidersville charge, in reference to Rev. C. A. Rittenhouse, their late pastor, were referred to a special committee, which reported, recommending that Classis reiterate the action of its last annual meeting, and solemnly enjoin on Rev. C. A. Rittenhouse to cease preaching at once in both churches, and to desist from all other ministerial acts in the bounds of the Kreidersville charge after the first day of July, 1879. Said charge was ad-

vised "to order a constitutional election for a new pastor at as early a day as possible," and "permit the Rev. O. A. Rittenhouse to occupy the parsonage until the new pastor thus elected shall be ready to take possession of the same."

Messrs. N. W. A. Helfrich and J. W. Maybry having sustained a satisfactory examination, were licensed to preach the gospel according to the provisions of the Constitution; and since they have signed the formula prescribed by the Constitution, the officers of Classis were authorized to furnish them with the usual certificate of licensure. Messrs. W. D. Donat and G. W. Kostenboder were taken under the care of Classis as candidates for the holy ministry.

Missions: \$400.00 were appropriated to the mission at Catsauqua; \$350.00 to the mission on College Hill, Easton, and \$350.00 to Christ Reformed mission, Allentown. Classis assumed the "payment annually for five years of the interest on \$1600.00, part of the debt resting upon the Reformed church of Catsauqua, provided, the congregation can borrow that amount at not more than six per cent. per annum.

Rev. J. E. Freeman was authorized to organize a Reformed congregation in Mauch Chunk, and Rev. Charles Becker was "authorized to missionize in all unoccupied places between Weissport and Chestnut Hill charges, and that with the consent of the pastor, Thos. A. Huber, he supply the Effort congregation, for one year; for which services he shall receive from Classis a compensation of \$100.00." Rev. H. H. W. Hibshman was requested to visit Columbia and Stroudsburg and look after the interests of the Reformed Church in those places."

At a special meeting held in January last, Classis took under its care Mr. Charles F. Heimberger as a candidate for the holy ministry, and appointed a special committee to direct him in the prosecution of his theological studies. They reported that he gives evidence of a faithful application to his studies. The committee was continued.

To prepare the way for the organization of another Classis, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That all the ministers of the Classis of East Pennsylvania who reside on the western side of the Lehigh river, viz.: Revs. W. A. Helfrich, D. D., J. S. Herman, A. J. Herman, W. R. Hoffer, Abm. Bartholomew, N. S. Strassburger, E. J. Fogel, S. A. Leinbach, S. G. Wagner, L. K. Derr, F. H. Schwartz, A. J. G. Dubbs, Benjamin Weiss, J. Fritzinger, Thomas N. Reber, J. N. Bachman, N. C. Schaeffer and Licentiate Phao S. Kohler, be and hereby are dismissed for the purpose of constituting another Classis.

Resolved, That the Lehigh river from the line of the Classis of East Susquehanna on the north, to the line of the Classis of Thobicon on the south, be the dividing line between the Classis of East Pennsylvania on the west and the new Classis on the east; and that the congregations and charges, together with all the territory of the Classis of East Pennsylvania lying west of the Lehigh river, be, and hereby are, transferred to the Classis about to be formed.

Resolved, That all the Classical apportionments of the ministers and charges and congregations hereby dismissed and transferred, and an equal share of all the liabilities of the Classis of East Pennsylvania which remain unpaid on the first day of May, shall be transferred to the new Classis.

Resolved, That all the property, personal and mixed, be equally divided between the Classis of East Pennsylvania and the new Classis, by a committee to be appointed for that purpose.

Resolved, That the minute books, Treasurer's books, the seal of Classis, the plate for certificates of confirmation, and all the papers and documents of Classis, shall remain in the archives of the Classis of East Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That the Allentown Female College shall remain under the joint care of the two Classes, with an equal number of Trustees from each.

Resolved, That the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States be respectfully requested to establish another Classis, by directing the ministers of the Classis of East Pennsylvania, hereby dismissed, to meet in Salem's Reformed church, Allentown, Lehigh county, Pa., on Tuesday before Ascension day, 1880, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for organization, the adoption of such a name and seal as they may deem proper, and the transacting of such business which usually claims the attention of a Classis at an annual meeting.

Delegates to Synod: Revs. S. G. Wagner, I. K. Loos, N. S. Strassburger, H. H. W. Hibshman, T. C. Porter, D. D., and W. R. Hoffer, *primarii*.

Revs. M. A. Smith, D. Y. Brendle, S. A. Leinbach, J. J. Crist, A. J. G. Dubbs and Benjamin Weiss, *secundi*.

Elders, Thomas Faust, J. J. Hoffman, R. H. Kramer, Owen Romig, A. L. Newhard and H. J. Young, *primarii*.

Ab. T. Mickle, Anthony George, Peter Hackman, David Schwarz, Ezra Rasely and Wm. Sassaman, *secundi*.

The Classis of East Pennsylvania will meet in annual session in the *Plainfield Church, Northampton county, Pa.*, on Tuesday before Ascension day, 1880, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Special sermons on Ascension day, at the next annual meeting of Classis: at 10, A. M., on *Confirmation*, Rev. M. A. Smith, *primarius*, and Rev. I. K. Loos, *secundus*; at 2, P. M., on *Benediction*, Rev. T. O. Stein, *primarius*, and Rev. J. J. Crist, *secundus*.

Religious services were held on Thursday (Ascension day) morning, afternoon and evening, and also every other evening during the meeting of Classis. Classis adjourned on Friday at 9:30 A. M.

STATED CLERK.

CHURCH CONSECRATION AT NEWPORT, AUGUSTA CO., VA.

Midway between Staunton and Lexington, and near the line of Augusta and Rockbridge counties, is located the most southern church of Virginia Classis. It became known as a separate organization first in 1844, during the pastorate of Rev. J. C. Hensell, when it appeared upon the record of Synod as one of the churches of the Middlebrook charge, under the title of New Bethany. About that time its first house of worship was erected, a log building, designed also to be used as a school-house. Some years since this house became so weather-worn and dilapidated as to be unfit for use for divine services, and the congregation, through the kindness of the Lutheran people, held services in their church. At the same time, the congregation had declined in strength. The trials of the civil war, and the vicissitudes due to the changes of pastors, left the church weak in numbers and wealth and influence, so that

at the beginning of the present pastorate there were less than twenty members, and not a sufficient number of male members to fill the offices of elder and deacon, and the prevailing feeling of the community was, that it was only a matter of time for the church to become extinct.

In this discouraging and depressing state of things, the necessity of reviving hope and awakening to new zeal presented itself, and the essential to do this was the assurance to be obtained by the erection of a new and comfortable church. The pastor, with indomitable purpose and untiring energy, and the good people set about this laudable and glorious work. Of money they could raise but little; but by contributions of timber, hauling, sawing and labor, assisted in a similar way by other members of the community, and to some extent, by persons belonging to neighboring churches, their hearts' desire was realized in less than a year in the form of a new church of fair proportions.

On Sunday, May 4, the people, glad of heart and rejoicing, entered their new house to engage in the service which should consecrate it to the worship of the Triune God. Though the weather was somewhat inclement, the church was filled to its capacity. An excellent and appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. J. O. Miller, D. D., from Hagga ii. 9: "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts; and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts." Subscriptions being given to secure the payment of the remaining indebtedness, the church was solemnly consecrated, under the name of St. Paul's Reformed Church. Then the congregation surrounded the altar, and united in the holy communion of the body and blood of the Lord Jesus. The services being closed, they returned to their homes deeply impressed by the joys and solemnities of the occasion. Besides Dr. Miller, the pastor, Rev. A. J. Whitmer, was assisted in the services connected with the occasion by Licentiate G. A. Whitmore and Rev. W. F. Lichliter.

St. Paul's church is located on the eastern bank of Moffit's Creek, in an inviting, romantic spot, within a hundred yards of the road leading from Staunton to Lexington, half a mile from the village of Newport. It is a frame building in size about thirty-two by forty-five feet. The inside arrangement is neat and comfortable. The walls are calcined and the ceiling white-coated. Particularly noticeable is the tastefully designed walnut pulpit and altar. The pulpit lamps were the gift of A. J. Weidener, Philadelphia, and a roll of matting, that of Mr. Dietz, of the firm of Ivins, Dietz, Magee, & Co., of the same city. The entire appearance of the church is pleasing and attractive.

St. Paul's church far excels in outward aspect the appearance of the old church in its best days; and from the brightening prospects it is hoped and believed, that not only in this aspect, but also in the spiritual work to be done here through the possession of this new church, it will be found to be true that "the glory of this latter house will be greater than of the former." No longer is there the sad-denying prospect that this church would share the history of the once neighboring churches at Churchville, Mt. Carmel and New Hope, that some years since became extinct. This new spiritual home, inviting and comfortable, inspires with new life and energy and hope. Difficulties and obstacles may be mountain high, and the timid and doubting hesitate, but the work done here is an illustration of the old saying, that where there's a will there's a way. To weak and struggling, or decaying churches, needing a new house of worship, it says, Go and do thou likewise, May the Great Head of the Church make the good people of St. Paul's further fruitful in every good word and work, so that the words of the prophet shall be truly verified concerning them, "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former." W. F. L.

ASCENSION DAY AT MIDDLETOWN, MD.

If the reader should ever cross the South Mountain, on that portion of the national turnpike lying between Hagerstown and Frederick, he will halt his horse after passing the Summit, not only to call to mind, in thoughtful mood, the fierce battles which once rolled up the ravines at his side, but also to gaze with delight upon the beauties of Middletown Valley, beginning at that point to unfold themselves to his view. And if afterwards, he should ascend the Catoclin Mountain, on the opposite side, he will pause again, to look back, with a long, lingering look, upon the still more beautiful prospect of the same valley, to be had from that point. The poet Whittier has immortalized Frederick, "green-walled by the hills of Maryland," and the country around it, "fair as the garden of the Lord." Surely, the reader will think this sequestered vale, upon the hither side, is worthy of being celebrated in similar strains; being smaller indeed, in territorial extent, but equally fair and possessing, in addition, certain characteristic and peculiar charms of its own. Certainly it would be difficult to find a more beautiful valley than this one as it presents itself to the eye in the middle of the month of May.

In the valley of Middletown the Reformed and Lutheran Churches have had an opportunity to develop themselves under exceptionally favorable circumstances. The almost entire absence of religious denominations of English origin, while it may have deprived them of certain wholesome influences, had at least the good effect of preserving them, during the critical transition from German to English, from that crippling loss of material which they (or at least our own Church was likely to suffer in that respect) had to endure in some other localities. The Reformed and Lutheran Churches originally divided the population between them, for it was their own; in the main they do so still. The families that were originally Reformed are Reformed still; having long since, indeed, lost all trace of the German tongue, but still retaining, as a token of their descent, their ancient and honorable German names. The old churchy ways are kept up; Middletown Valley being famous for the church-going habits of its people. Sons and daughters grow up under the influence of Christian nurture, and naturally fall into the places of their parents in the Church. Thus the Church is strongly rooted here, and grows fair and flourishing on this favorable soil.

Ascension Day is a favorite festival with the Reformed congregation and Sunday-school at Middletown, under the excellent pastoral care of the Rev. T. F. Hoffmeier. It is the day of the Sunday-school Anniversary, including always a suitable celebration of the ascension of our Lord, and, this present year, bearing also a very decided missionary character. It was in this instance a missionary

festival, emblems and mottoes relating to missions being appropriately blended with those relating to the Ascension, and the respective classes of the Sunday-school bringing forward and offering their contributions for the sacred cause of missions. To do honor to the occasion, a sort of supplementary meeting of Classis was held at Middletown, after the adjournment of the Maryland Classis at Jefferson. The day was graced with the welcome presence of the Missionary Superintendent, Rev. Dr. Theodore Appel; the Revs. N. H. Skyles, S. S. Miller and J. S. Kieffer were also there to enjoy and participate in the services. The emblems relating to the glory of our once crucified but now risen and ascended Lord (a cross of purple flowers, a crown and a harp) furnished occasion for an appropriate address by Rev. S. S. Miller, on our Saviour's ascension. Our Missionary Superintendent, whose encouraging and cheering presence, words and activity are a great influence for good wherever he goes, dwelt upon the important subject of Home Missions. The writer of this article spoke of Foreign Missions in recognition of the emblem of the Infant School, a ship under full sail, bound, according to its steamer, for Japan; an appropriate emblem in view of the fact that our foreign missionary was known to be at that moment sailing on the Pacific Ocean for that far-off land. One of the most interesting portions of the service was the offering, by each class in its turn, of its missionary contributions. The Sunday-school had been working for missions since the month of March. The collections amounted to a very handsome sum.

The appropriate and beautiful decorations of the church in which these services were held; the fragrant breath of a perfect day in May floating in at the open windows; the sound of the voices of children, marching and singing their hosannas in the temple; above all, the signs of spiritual growth, and the development of a missionary spirit, made it a great enjoyment to be there on that day. May the pastor and people of this interesting congregation be more and more encouraged in their good work; and may this beautiful valley, upon which we cast a farewell look as we ascend the South Mountain upon our homeward way, become, through the blessing of God, as fair and flourishing in a spiritual as it is in a natural sense. J. S. K.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

As stated in last week's MESSENGER, Mr. F. B. Snively, of Shady Grove, Pa., was one of the persons injured by the disastrous fire, which recently occurred in Hagerstown, Md., and subsequently died of his injuries. He was extensively known and generally respected. His funeral, the local papers state, was one of the largest ever held in that neighborhood, the carriages in line numbering over two hundred, and forming a procession two miles in length.

He was a member of the Reformed church at Greencastle, Pa., and served in it as an officer for many years, and was a deacon at the time of his death. His death is generally and deeply lamented. The consistory, after service on Whitsunday, convened to consider what action should be taken in regard to his sudden death, he being one of their number. After due deliberation, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It hath pleased Almighty God in His wise but mysterious Providence, to remove by sudden and unexpected death, our Brother F. B. Snively, who was one of the sufferers in the recent burning of the Washington Hotel in Hagerstown, Md., and who died from injuries received in that terrible conflagration; therefore,

Resolved, That in view of his services to this congregation as a Deacon for many years, and also as a Trustee; and in view, moreover, of the tender ties which bound us together as members in common of the household of faith, we sorrowfully bow to the sovereign will of God.

Resolved, That we mingle our deep sympathies with all who mourn his sudden removal from our midst; and especially do we sympathize with his beloved wife and children, and his aged father, in their great sorrow.

Resolved, That we commend them to the grace of God, which is able to comfort and cheer the sorrowful and distressed.

Resolved, That we will attend the funeral of the deceased in a body.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his family, and, also, that the resolutions be published in the papers of our town, and in the Reformed Church MESSENGER.

JOHN H. SYKES, President.
SAMUEL B. SNIVELY, Sec'y of Consistory.

WHIT-SUNDAY IN TULPEHOCKEN.

It was my happy lot on Whit-Sunday to be with Rev. Dr. C. H. Leinbach, and his interesting congregation in Tulpehocken. The day was really a pleasant one, with the exception of a little too much heat, and it was an interesting day to both pastor and people. It was the communion season for the congregation, and along with these solemnities, a large class of catechumens were admitted to the Lord's table for the first time. There is, perhaps, no season in the year more appropriate for solemnities of this kind than Whit-Sunday. All nature around could in no other season of the year produce happier feelings, and how sad would the thought be, if man could not rejoice and be glad when the air is full of music and the earth decked with the most beautiful and fragrant of flowers.

Bro. Leinbach's heart was glad on Whit-Sunday morning, and so were the hearts of his people. His spacious church was crowded to its utmost capacity as early as eight o'clock, and half the people were obliged to stand outside. Services began at nine o'clock, and continued until twelve, when three hundred and sixty-six had partaken of the Holy Communion. Can there be anything in the experience of a pastor more encouraging than to see his membership, with one accord, surrounding the sacramental altar? It at once tells us of peace and good-will between pastor and people, and good-will and concord among the membership. Where there is strife and ill-will, communion occasions are generally poorly attended. This worthy brother has abundant reason for great gratitude to God, for his flock stand by him and lift up his arms to cheer and encourage him. His labors among this good people in the past fifteen years have certainly not been fruitless, and by the fruits we shall know the tree. During his pastorate he has received into full communion with this congregation eight classes, numbering in all two hundred and seventy-three, the

last class consisting of thirty-eight children, who certainly entered the Church fully as conversant and familiar with the doctrines of the Church and the Heidelberg Catechism as many others who have advanced further in life and enjoyed higher educational privileges. These were children directly from the fireside, and he has abundant reasons for receiving them as hopeful young members. Besides the receptions by confirmation he has added some fifty others by certificate from other sections of the Church, making a number sufficient for a self-sustaining congregation.

But, along with these cheerful evidences of a successful and happy pastorate, he has his perplexities and sorrows. He is growing white as snow in his ministry. He has summer and winter - sunshine and clouds - roses and thorns, like all his brethren in the ministry, but these things must needs be so, lest we become reckless and idle. They tell us to watch and pray and work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh only too soon.

During my sojourn at the old parsonage, (more like an old castle) I visited several objects which had special attraction for me. The first one was my sainted mother's dear old home, within sight of the old church. In company with a number of dear young friends and my own children, we strolled to the old homestead with singular feelings of joy and sadness. The old house and barn, built one hundred and sixteen years ago, stands there apparently as firm and substantial as the day when first they were erected. Everything connected with them is full of interest and romance to the son and grandchildren. The beautifully secluded and shaded drive, leading to the relics of more than a century ago, is in itself worth a visit. No handsomer retreat is necessary for man's comfort and pleasure, and undoubtedly others interested long ago, felt the enchantment of the place, and aptly called it "Lovers' Lane." After spending an hour on the dear old spot of my mother's childhood, we returned to the graves of my grandparents in the old God's acre in front of the church. The remains of Peter John Dieffenbach and his wife were laid to rest there, waiting for a blessed resurrection and a glorious Wiedersehen.

The graves and tablets are kept in an excellent state of preservation, and I felt, as I departed with uncovered head, as though I should send a special vote of thanks to the kindly disposed persons who are honoring so much the resting place of our sainted dead, and especially did I feel as though I should send greeting to the brother who is now in possession of my mother's dear old home, for the excellent and substantial order in which he is preserving the place. I did not violate the tenth commandment, but I think the brother would pardon me for feeling slightly inclined that way.

After preaching twice on Saturday and twice on Sunday, I left early on Monday morning on my way home, delighted with my visit to old Tulpehocken, and refreshed with the wholesome and whole hearted entertainment of the good pastor and his dear family. Long may the recollections of this visit last. M.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

In connection with the administration of the Lord's Supper in Christ Reformed church, Philadelphia, Rev. George H. Johnston, pastor, on Whitsunday, three persons were added to the church by certificate.

Thirteen persons were added to St. Luke's mission church, Lancaster, Pa., Rev. J. F. Wiant, pastor, in connection with the communion on Whitsunday, by confirmation, nine males and four females, three of the number being heads of families. The occasion was one of much interest. At the communion held at the same time in the First church, Rev. J. A. Peters, pastor, six persons were added to the church by confirmation, and five also to the College church in the same place.

In connection with the communion held in the church at Milton, Pa., Rev. S. B. Schafer, pastor, on the 25th of May, sixteen persons were added to the church.

Forty-five persons were added to the Mahanoy charge, Northumberland county, Pa., Rev. A. R. Hottenstein, pastor, in connection with the Spring communions, forty-two by confirmation, and three by certificate. One of the former received adult baptism, and five are heads of families.

The number of communicants in the Beaver Spring charge, Snyder county, Pa., Rev. A. Romig, pastor, in connection with the late Spring communions, was fifty in excess of the number the previous Spring. Thirty-seven persons were added to the church by confirmation, ten at Adamsburg, previously reported, and twenty-seven at Troxelville; of whom four received adult baptism, and six are heads of families.

The communion of the Lord's Supper was administered in the church at Berksburg, Dauphin county, Pa., Rev. A. S. Stauffer, pastor, on the 25th of May. The number of communicants was larger than on any previous occasion, and the deepest interest prevailed. Six persons were added to the church, five by confirmation, and one by certificate.

The communion held in Zwingle mission church, Rev. F. Fox, pastor, on Whitsunday, was one of much interest. One person was baptized, and two confirmed.

The post-office address of the Rev. G. P. Hartzell has been changed from Walker, Centre county, Pa., to Menallen, Adams county, Pa.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

As stated in the report of the proceedings of the Virginia Classis, the Rev. John C. Hensell has resigned the pastorate of the Rockingham charge. A call from the charge has been extended to Rev. Lawrence M. Hensell, a graduate of the institutions at Mercersburg, who was recently licensed by the Virginia Classis, of which he has accepted. His post-office address is Meyerhoffer's Store, Rockingham county, Va.

CHURCH ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

For the following news we are indebted to the Rev. F. Fox, Harrisburg, Pa., who keeps up a regular correspondence with the brethren on the Pacific Coast.

Rev. J. Muellhaupt, of Salem, Oregon, has organized another congregation at Silverstone, with twenty communicant members, and the prospects for the future are very encouraging. He serves this mission in connection with the church at Salem, which is also making commendable progress in the beautiful capital city of Oregon. The congregation at Salem is in need of a communion service. Any friend of missions, who may feel constrained to furnish

them with one, will render a commendable, as well as acceptable service.

Rev. Prof. J. Lange is laboring earnestly and successfully in his mission church at Meridian, Oregon. He is obliged, however, to teach a parochial school, in order to add to his support. At the late Easter communion, he added five to the church, two by confirmation, and three by certificate.

As has been stated on a former occasion, the members of the Church on the Pacific Coast, manifest a very commendable degree of liberality. The poorest washerwoman seldom contributes less than one dollar a month towards the support of the gospel, and others contribute in similar proportions. It is only because the membership is yet small, that missionary aid is required from the Eastern churches. The day is not far distant, it is confidently expected, when the present mission churches will become self-supporting. We have an instance of this in the church at Stockton, California. Only a few years ago, it was a feeble mission; now it is a flourishing and self-sustaining congregation. The present pastor, the Rev. C. F. Waldecker, a brother-in-law of the Rev. Dr. H. Muehlmeier, President of the Mission Institute at Wisconsin, is laboring with much success. As is its annual custom, the congregation held a festival in May last, amid a profusion of California's choicest flowers and much good cheer, from which they realized more than \$250. This is certainly very good for a congregation of Germans, whose communicant membership is about eighty.

There is a prospect of adding soon another efficient laborer to the number already occupying the Pacific Coast, in the person of a young German, recently licensed by the Zion's Classis, under whose particular auspices the mission movement of the Reformed Church on the Pacific coast was organized. The missionary to Japan, Rev. A. D. Gring, after visiting the church in San Francisco, under the personal care of Rev. J. Fuendeling, set sail with his companion, for the scene of his labors. As has been announced, a young Japanese has started East, to prepare himself at the institutions at Lancaster, Pa., for the work of Christians. These movements furnish food for pious reflection, as expressive of the wonder workings of Him, whose spiritual kingdom is destined to cover the whole earth, and should incite to increased activity in the work of the Lord. F.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The Southern District of East Susquehanna Classis held a Sunday School Convention in the Reformed church of Gratz, Dauphin Co., Pa., beginning on Tuesday evening, May 27th, 1879. Sessions were also held on Wednesday morning, afternoon and evening. The meetings were well attended.

A topic was discussed at each session in the order as they follow: 1. The Relation of the Sunday School to the Congregation, by Rev. J. B. Kerschner. 2. Sunday School Hymns and Music, by Rev. R. Duenger. 3. Qualifications of a successful Sunday School Teacher, Revs. A. R. Hottenstein and B. S. Metzger. 4. The best Method to enlist the Congregation in the Sunday School, by Rev. W. G. Engle.

The topics were then further discussed by voluntary speakers. The Superintendent of the District tendered cordial thanks, in the name of the Convention, to the pastor and members of the Reformed church of Gratz for their hospitality. B. S. M.

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE.

The Annual Commencement of Franklin and Marshall College will be celebrated on Thursday, June 19th. The graduating class numbers ten members. Alumni meeting and dinner on Wednesday, the 18th inst. Literary addresses on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Visitors traveling by way of the Pennsylvania Railroad will please write to the Secretary of the Faculty for orders for tickets at reduced rates. Excursion tickets will as usual be sold at principal stations on the Reading Railroad.

JOS. HENRY DUBBS,
Sec. of the Faculty.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Received at Harrisburg, Pa., viz:	
From Slatington chg, Penn, Rev L K Derr, pastor, Rev Wagner, Treas E Penn Classis,	\$ 30 00
West Salem chg, Ohio, L M Kerschner, pastor,	7 15
Balsburg Ref ch, Penn, Rev W A Haas, W Susq Classis,	4 36
Ref S Sch, Shepherdstown, W Va, Rev J C Bowman, pastor,	30 00
Rev S G Wagner, Treas E Penn Classis, St Mark's Ref ch, Easton \$5; and member of St John's ch, Allentown, \$5,	10 00
D B Manger, Esq, Treas Goshenhoppen Classis, from chg of Rev C Z Weiser, D D, New Goshenhoppen ch, T. Freed, Treas, \$59.16; Trinity Ref ch, Great Swamp, N C, Roeder, Treas, \$44.87,	104 03
Rev Dr Fisher, Whitmarsh S S Sch, Montgomery co, Pa, \$3.79; Kate Eyer, \$1.00, S Sch Ref ch, Frederick City, Md, Rev Dr E R Eschbach, pastor,	95 16
	\$285 49
Harrisburg, Pa., } May 29, 1879, }	RUDOLPH F. KELLER Treasurer.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

Receipts during May.

Reed from Grindstonehill ch, per Rev H I Comfort, pastor,	\$ 7 77
St Thomas ch, per Daniel Sellers, Treas,	14 46
Woodcock Valley chg, per Rev C H Reiter, pastor,	40 00
Mercersburg chg, per Rev I G Brown, pastor,	15 00
Loudon ch, per Rev J Hassler, pastor,	4 00
Buena Vista ch, per Rev H S Garner, pastor,	7 29
Schellsburg ch, per Rev H S Garner, pastor,	6 93
New Paris ch, per Rev H S Garner, pastor,	3 93
Orbisonia chg, per Rev J M Schick, pastor,	7 50
Yellow Creek chg, per Rev I N Peightel, pastor,	16 00
Everett chg, per Rev M H Sangree, pastor,	40 00
Waterstreet chg, per Rev M H Sangree, pastor,	17 90
Friend's Cove chg, per Rev D M Whitmore, pastor,	9 83
Hagerstown ch, per Rev J S Kieffer, pastor,	6 00
Glover Creek ch, per David Aumand, Treas,	5 00
Chambersburg ch, per Wm H Sellers, Treas,	25 00
Sulphur Spring chg, per Rev Wm A Gring, pastor,	15 00
St Clairsville chg, per Rev D N Dittmar, pastor,	50 00
Martinsburg chg, per Rev J D Miller, pastor,	40 32
Virginia Classis, per Rev C G Fisher, Treas,	95 00
	\$426 93

MERCERSBURG, Pa., }
June 2d, 1879, } Wm. M. DEATRICK,
Treas. Board of Education.

Youth's Department.

A LITTLE HELP WORTH A GREAT DEAL OF PITY.

I have seen a blind man walking
Along the busy street;
I have heard the people talking
As they watched his shambling feet;
I have marked the words of pity
As they saw him pass along
Through the overcrowded city,
'Mid the ever-busy throng.
And I've seen the bright-eyed school-boy
Leave his brothers at their play
To help the sightless stranger
Across the busy way.
Ah! the pity was not worthless,
Though it lent no kindly hand,
But that little help outvalued
All the pity in the land.
I have seen the little orphan
Left without a mother's care;
I have heard the words of sorrow
That the neighbors had to spare;
I have known them say, "The poor-house
Is just meant for such as she;"
And (though very sorry for her)
"Well, she has no claim on me."
And I've seen the toiling widow,
With children half a score,
Take the little lonely orphan
To her hospitable door.
There were fifty folks who pitied,
There was only one to aid,
But the one excelled the fifty
As the sun excels the shade.
I have heard the school-boy sighing
O'er his lessons home from school;
I have seen him vainly trying
To master some new rule;
I have marked the words of pity
That his brother's lips supplied,
And I've seen the dewy teardrop
That yet remained undried.
Then I've seen his mother gently
Take his blunder-covered slate
And with loving effort help him
Make his crooked answers straight.
That pity though a brother's
Was forgotten in a day,
But that loving help of mother's
Will never pass away.
I have seen a little two-year-old
Stand crying by a brook,
And I've marked a country maiden
Deep buried in a book;
I have known her rise up quickly,
Lay the treasured work aside,
Lift the little fellow gently
O'er the water clear and wide;
And I've seen the merry sunshine
Light up his face at last,
Which if she had only pitied
Would have still been overcast.
Oh! let pity lead to action,
For the world is full of need;
There are many eyes that water,
There are many hearts that bleed;
There are wounds that all want binding,
There are feet that go astray,
There are tears all hot and blinding
That our hands can wipe away.
For the blind man on the causeway,
The orphan with its fears,
The school-boy in his troubles,
And the baby in its tears,
Are all like a thousand others
Whom to help, if we but try,
We shall "scatter seeds of kindness
For the reaping by and by."
Let us ever act as brothers,
Ne'er with pity be content,
Always doing good to others
Both in action and intent.
Though the pity may be useful,
'Tis but little 'if 'tis all,
And the smallest piece of needed help
Is better than it all.
—Child's Own Magazine.

THE ARITHMETIC OF GINGERBREAD.

"R-u-d-i-m-e-n-t-s, rudiments," spelled Katy. "Believe I'll find out what that means this very minute; it's better'n these horrid fractions," and she started to look for the word in the worn old Webster's "Unabridged" that papa had banished from his handsome shelves to the children's room upstairs.

Poor Katy!—she had been droning wearily through the rules for multiplication and division of fractions all the long afternoon study-hour. It was just the dreariest part of the whole book. "Case First,—To multiply a fraction by a whole number. Case Second,—To multiply a whole number by a fraction." These were the very worst, scarcely exceeded by the corresponding rules for division, and Katy had just about worn out her brown eyes crying over the cases in which you multiplied by the numerator and divided by the denominator, or multiplied by the denominator and divided by the numerator.

"It is just the hateful old study in school, mamma," said Katy to her mother, who passed through the room and looked askance at Katy's red eyes,— "the very hardest one to see any use in. I don't suppose I'll ever in all my life have to multiply or divide a whole

number by a fraction; hope not, any way. I despise halves and quarters of things so awfully."

Mamma didn't reply, but wearily threw herself down on the little bed that was kept in the nursery, with very dark circles about her eyes, and a pale, tired face.

"Do you believe, Katy, you could go down and stir up some ginger-cakes for tea? Christine is hurrying with her ironing, and Mary must take baby while I go and sleep off, if possible, this miserable headache," said Mrs. Richards, only half opening her weary eyelids.

"O yes, mamma, anything is better than these hateful rudiments. I looked that up just now in Webster. 'First beginnings,' it says; only I believe it's hard enough to be the last endings;" but seeing no brightening in her mother's eye, she hastened to help her down into her own room. Then with gentle hand she settled the pillows comfortably, saturated a handkerchief with camphor, closed the shutters, and ran softly down still another flight of steps into the basement kitchen.

"Christine, I am to make ginger-cakes for tea, all my own self. Mamma said so, and she's gone to lie down and sleep off her headache, and mustn't be disturbed," said Katy, half afraid that Christine might hunt up confirmation of the gingerbread business. It was something new, certainly, to turn this harum-scarum little creature loose in the pantry to rummage the spice-boxes, and break up the cream in the cellar in her search for sour milk. But, with large families, there are times when the work crowds fearfully, and the only way is to press more hands into the service, not minding always if they are unskilled ones.

"Vell, Mees Katy, please keep te muss ober dare in te sink so mooch as you can," said Christine, evidently not jubilant at the prospect of cleaning up after a little girl's baking; "an' don't leaf te wet spoon in te soda, nor drip te sour milk round te clean cellar. It's dare in te big jar unter te vindow."

Katy got down the gem-irons for the first thing, greased them with Mary's patent griddle-greaser (a pine stick plentifully supplied with cotton rags at one end); then climbed up to the shelf where the book of recipes was kept.

"'Meesees Vite's soft ginger cake' is vat you wants, Mees Katy, an' we takes 'double of the receipt,'" said Christine, quoting an expression familiar to Yankee cooks.

"That's just two of everything. I know," and Katy tossed her curls with an air of conscious greatness.

"Two times one cup of molasses,—here goes that. Two times two spoonfuls of soda,—th at's four spoons. My! but doesn't it foam up beautifully! Two spoons ginger in two-thirds of a cup of hot water—no—oh, dear! It is the soda that ought to go in the hot water, and—oh, horrors! it's two times two-thirds of a cup of hot water. Well, now! If those hateful fractions aren't right here in this gingerbread! Christine, O Christine!" cried Katy in despair. "Come and tell me how much is two times two-thirds of a cup!" But Christine, alas! had already gone upstairs, with her basket of white, freshly-ironed clothes poised on her head.

"Two times two thirds of a cup. Why, it must be more'n one cup, and yet it says 'of a cup.' If 'twasn't for that, I'd go and get two cups and fill them each two-thirds full; but it can't be only two times two-thirds of a cup—that's one cup." And the poor girl found herself in worse "deeps," even, than ever she had fathomed in the "Rudiments."

Ned came into the kitchen at that moment, his books flung over his shoulder, and Katy's face lighted up. She could appeal to him. But when she asked how much two times two-thirds of a cup could be, Ned, with all a boy's wisdom, gave answer like this:

"Two times two-thirds? Case of multiplying a fraction by a whole number. Rule: 'Multiply the numerator of the fraction by the whole number and place the result over the denominator.'"

"Two times two-thirds are four-thirds.

Improper fraction. Reduce to a whole or mixed number. Rule: 'Divide the numerator by the denominator. Three is in four once and one-third over. One cup and one-third of a cup.'

"But it says 'of a cup,' Ned. Who'd ever think that 'of a cup' meant part of two cups?" argued Katy, in a despairing tone.

"Well, I didn't write the receipt-book, Kit, and besides, that's grammar, not arithmetic, and I'm not up in grammar." And Ned, wisely refraining from venturing beyond his attainments, went upstairs to put away his books.

"Who'd ever 'a' thought of such a thing," whispered Katy to herself, "that Rudiments would come handy in making ginger-cakes?"

The family ate them hot for supper that night, despite Doctor Dio Lewis and all the laws of health, and pronounced them very fine cakes indeed. What they lacked in ginger (you see Katy, in her perplexity over the hot water, forgot to double the ginger) papa made up in praise, and, as mamma's headache was gone, they all were happy.

Katy was early at school the next morning, and, shying up to the teacher's desk, she said:

"Miss Johnson, you looked as if you thought I was either crazy or stupid the other day, when I said I didn't believe Rudiments were 'in anything in the world.' You see, I meant 'in' anything we do or make. But I've come to tell you that I've changed my mind. Last night I had to make gingerbread for tea, and the first thing I knew, I got right into fractions—two-thirds of things and all the rules."—*St. Nicholas.*

A STRANGE AMBITION.

We know of some young people who have a strange ambition to be considered "great readers." They do not use the word "great" in reference to what they learn by reading, but in regard to the number of books and pages that they read. They are not careful as to the quality. Usually this class of readers select the poorest quality, because they can get through with it quicker. Indeed, they will sometimes boast of the rapidity with which they can read a book, as though it were an occasion of honest pride to read a whole volume at one sitting. They forget that it is not the amount of reading which benefits one, but the quality and the manner in which the book is used. Some get more good from a page than others from a volume.

What would be thought of one who should boast of eating everything set before him, without any reference to the wholesomeness of the food? To eat large quantities of even wholesome food would be very unwise; to eat all sorts of food is a greater folly still. Some would call such a man a glutton or a gormandizer; others would call him a pig.

Be select in your reading: read only what will do you good, and try to get all the good out of it you can. Have an ambition to be a thorough reader rather than a rapid one.—*S. S. Classmate.*

HOW MUCH OWEST THOU?

It was my lot to live for some years in one of those antiquated Welsh towns with an unpronounceable name (to a Saxon) of which a willingly incredulous person might say, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

Among the members of my class was an old Welsh lady, Mrs. O—.

Providence had once smiled upon her in temporal affairs; but the Father tried His child by taking away from her the "light of her eyes" as "by a stroke," and children withered and died one by one, so that she lived "alone, yet not alone."

"'Twas little she could do," for poverty, as is often the case, was accompanied by sickness—so that by the earnings of her needle she barely subsisted. Parish authorities added to it a weekly pittance; and this was all she had, save the kind gifts of friends.

I often visited her in her little room, and often found her confined to her bed.

When tickets were renewed, if she were not present, I hastened to take her ticket, knowing what pleasure it gave her to receive it.

Visiting her one day for this purpose, I found her in great weakness.

On handing her the ticket the conversation ran thus:—"I have brought you your ticket, Mrs. O—, but you need not give anything."

"O, but I must."

"No! no! I'll see that your name stands all right in the class-book."

"Sir, if you will look in the little cup on the shelf you will find the Lord's money."

"But the Lord does not wish you to give to His cause what you absolutely need. I can't take it." And then the "hot rain" fell down her aged cheeks, as she said, "'Tis but little I can give to the Lord, but what did He give for me? 'He loved me, and gave Himself for me.' Take it, sir, I can't eat my morsel happily if you don't."

And so I took it, and murmured blessings on the head of her whose heart "the love of Christ" did so "constrain," and prayed that evermore I might remember, "Ye are not your own." Reader, "how much owest thou unto thy Lord?"—*Rev. Samuel Wilkes.*

FATHER AT PLAY.

Such fun as we had one rainy day,
When father was home and helped us play!
And made a ship and hoisted sail,
And crossed the sea in a fearful gale;
But we hadn't sailed into London town,
When captain and crew and vessel went down.
Down, down in a jolly wreck,
With the captain rolling under the deck.
But he broke out again with a lion's roar,
And we on two legs, he on four,
Ran out of the parlor and up the stair,
And frightened mamma and the baby there.
So mamma said she would be p'liceman now,
And tried to 'rest us. She didn't know how!
Then the lion laughed, and forgot to roar,
Till we chased him out of the nursery door;
And then he turned to a pony gay,
And carried us all on his back away.
Whippity, lickity, kickety, ho!
If we hadn't fun, then I don't know!
Till we tumbled off and he cantered on,
Never stopping to see if his load was gone.
And I couldn't tell any more than he,
Which was Charlie and which was me,
Or which was Towser, for all in a mix,
You'd think three people had turned into six,
Till Towser's tail had caught in a door;
He wouldn't hurrah with us any more.
And mamma came out the rumpus to quiet,
And told us a story to break up the riot.
—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

FIVE LITTLE STITCHES.

Five little stitches! And they were taken more than twenty-five years ago. Little Rose went to the "infant school" then. It was a very happy place for the little folks. They had no hard lessons in arithmetic or geography. The nearest approach to lessons was saying over the "multiplication table" in a sort of rhyming concert—"Twice one are two, twice two are four;" while the teacher slid along the little wooden balls on the wire frame, to suit the words. No, but when the marching and singing were over, there were plenty of busy fingers learning to sew.

Rose was making blocks of patchwork—"one-patch," her mother called it. One warm June day, Rose found her needle rather dull, and the new pink chintz so hard to sew; her fingers trembled, when she came to where the four corners met, and she tried in vain, with her little thimbleless finger, to push the needle through so many thicknesses of cloth. She looked at the little girl who sat next to her on the same bench—an older girl than Rose by two years, and rich in the possession of a "real silver" thimble. Rose passed the block to Pogue (a curious name, but her very own, and it rhymed with her surname, too), and motioned to a little hard corner, touching her thimble and nodding and winking significantly. Pogue understood, and taking the pine-patch, sewed very neatly over the hard place—Rose watching carefully lest she should do too much. One, two, three, four, five stitches, and oh, so neatly done.

Rose bowed and smiled her thanks, and put in a stitch or two as neatly as possi-

ble next to the "five," when she stopped in dismay at a thought that popped into her conscientious little head. "I can't tell mother I did it all myself." It would have taken away half her pleasure not to be able to say this. And yet it was so very little—only just "five stitches!" "I needn't mind that," came the temptation, "I can say I did it myself, for that's almost nothing." "But it is help," another voice said, "and you'd better say 'I did it nearly all.'" But Rose couldn't make up her mind to say this. Her mother would be sure to think if Pogue sewed any of it, likely she made half the block, at least one seam across. So you see it was a real struggle. And how do you suppose she settled it?

After looking at it about as long as it has taken me to tell you this, Rose unthreaded her needle and very deliberately picked out those five stitches, and then went to work and sewed them over herself. And she is glad to-day that she did. Not because it might not have been foolish for her to be so anxious about the credit of doing the work herself—no; but because it was her first resistance to the temptation to tell a falsehood! And resistance once always makes it easier to resist again.

Does any little girl think Rose made too much of such a little thing? It is just as much stealing to take five pennies from another's purse as five dollars, and it would have been as much a falsehood for Rose to have left Pogue's five little stitches in her work and said she "did it all," as if Pogue had sewed half the block, and she had said the same thing.—*Mrs. J. P. Ballard.*

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A lady in the street met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. The lady took the baby's hand and asked where she was going.

"Down town, to find my papa," was the sobbing reply.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa."

"But what is his other name? What does your mama call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the little creature.

The lady then tried to lead her along, saying: "You had better come with me. I guess you came from this way."

"Yes; but I don't want to go back. I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

Just at this moment a sister of the child, who had been searching for her, came along and took possession of the little runaway. From inquiry it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she, tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone out to find him.

Pleasantries.

A young artist has painted the picture of a dog under a tree, and the work is so artistically done that none but the best connoisseurs can tell the bark of the tree from that of the dog.

A drunken Congressman said to Horace Greeley one day, "I am a self-made man." "Then, sir," replied the philosophical Horace, "the fact relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility."

A gentleman addresses another gentleman whom he doesn't know, at a party: "This affair is awfully stupid; let's go out and take a drink." "I would like to do it," was the reply, "but I can't leave very well." "Why not?" "Why, you see, I'm the one who is giving the party."

A small boy in Belfast, whose deportment at school had always ranked one hundred per centum, came home one day recently with his standing reduced to ninety-eight. "What have you been doing, my son?" asked the mother. "Been doing?" replied young hopeful, "been doing just as I have all along, only the teacher caught me this time."

Sunday-School Department.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

JUNE 22.

LESSON 25.

1879.

Second Sunday after Trinity.—Genesis II. 1-3.

THE SABBATH.

1. Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

2. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made: and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

3. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God had created and made.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The word Sabbath is a Hebrew name for rest. God fixed a day of rest in the beginning of the world, and in all time and among all nations, there seems to be some knowledge of it. Christians observe Sunday; Grecians, Monday; Persians, Tuesday; Assyrians, Wednesday; Egyptians, Thursday; Turks, Friday; Jews, Saturday. Why is it, now, that mankind takes so generally to a weekly method of counting time? If we say, it is because of a revelation of God, we are told, that many nations have lost that entirely, or perhaps never knew of it, and still preserve some sense of a seven-days' reckoning. If we say, it is because of a pious tradition, which handed down from age to age, and generation to generation, this information which God originally gave to Adam; then, we are asked to tell, why all people are so ready to remember and obey this command of the Creator, and yet so forgetful of His other sayings? What shall we answer, then, that will satisfy us all?

1. The WEEK is a natural quartering of the month. The moon makes the month; and as the moon is seen everywhere, all people have the month. Divide the month by halves—for example, 30÷2=15. Now divide this half into halves again, and you have 7—if we do not reckon the fraction. Or, the fourth of a month is a week—unless we break a day into parts. This is one reason, no doubt, why we find some knowledge of our weekly manner of measuring time spread all over the world.

2. But, others tell us too, that the ground for such a general knowledge of a weekly or seven-days' reckoning lies in man's nature. Six hundred years before Christ, a great physician—Hippocrates—taught, that a certain series of facts repeat themselves in us, once a week. In later days the famous doctors—CLEGHORN, BALFOUR, JACKSON and WOOD—taught the same idea. The fact is best seen in certain diseases. They attack the patients anew every seven days, it seems—at the end of the first, second, and third week. Hence we hear men speak of "critical days," or "the crisis of the disease." People afflicted with "chills and fever," for instance, are advised to continue the use of medicines till the eighth day—the day after the full week; or, to apply their remedies on the sixth day—the day before the full week. We think the ninth day is the critical one, I know, but that is, perhaps, the time in which men notice the change most plainly. A learned and scientific physician recognizes the change before the people see it.

But if such a weekly law reigns in us during sickness, learned men say, it must also work regularly within us, in health, or always. Is this so, or not? That there is a daily law governing us we know. We awake, work, and go to sleep; and awake, work, and go to sleep, again. This is a law asserting itself regularly, all through life. It governs animals, too; and even plants. May there not be a weekly law, then too?

But if we are asked—What is the use or benefit of such a seven days' cycle?—what shall we say? If there is such a weekly law, it must certainly be for our good, or the Creator would not have placed it there. The daily change from work to rest and sleep to awakening, we know, is good and necessary for us. And if man were only an animal, or like a plant; if he were as free and uncontrolled as flowers, birds, and beasts, in their natural, wild state; then, perhaps, this daily "changing-off" from daily work to nightly rest, might answer for our healthy existence and growth. Gardens, forests, bees, birds and wild animals—they need no Sabbath, or special day of rest. The night is rest enough for them. But man is more than a body only; and even so far as his body merely is concerned, he is not in a free, natural, and uncontrolled condition. Life is for him a constant service; and a service of toil, too. The duties of life impose hand-work, head-work, heart-work. These are too much and too heavy to be borne from the opening to the close of our history, without a stated series of resting-days. Hence man's whole constitution—his body, mind and spirit—demands the Sabbath. And this is another reason, why mankind takes so readily to its observance. It is not because God arbitrarily requires one-seventh of our time and service for Himself, that nations are so ready to obey this law; but man himself feels the necessity of such an arrangement, from an inward sense as it were. The Fourth Commandment meets his want. It was written inside of him, before it was engraved on stone. It was because man's nature proclaimed it from within, that God gave expression from without. God and man, therefore, say:—"Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work, * * * On the seventh day thou shalt do no manner of work." Our Lord, who knew what was in man, accordingly said: "The Sabbath was made for man," (that is, for the good and blessing of man); "and not man for the Sabbath," (or, for man's observance simply because it was so ordered without a reason).

It will not do to say, that every day must be kept holy unto the Lord. This is true; but the only way to live aright at all times, is, to order one's life in accordance with nature's laws, which are God's. In the new heavens and the new earth, where a redeemed humanity will dwell, there every day will be a Sabbath—The Saint's everlasting Rest.

VERSE 1. The heavens—earth—and all the hosts of them. This is a summing up and finishing word to the history of the natural creation. The expression embraces our own earth and all the heavenly bodies, as well as the creatures dwelling therein.

VERSE 2. And on the seventh day God ended His work. Let us read this:—"And by the seventh day God had ended His work."—Rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made. He ceased the process of creation. The world was now established as a system, and in perfect order, harmony and regularity. Still, God is not an idle being. He is ever employed in governing and blessing His creation. By His providence and grace, worketh hitherto—even now—in countless ways. But there is a point when He may well be said to have finished His undertaking—when He enjoys a Sabbath—a rest.

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UP TRAINS.

A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.

Lve. Harrisburg... 8:00 1:35 4:15 9:10

Arr. Carlisle... 9:00 2:35 5:15 10:10

" Chambersburg 10:30 4:00 6:45 P. M.

" Hagerstown... 11:30 5:00 P. M.

" Martinsburg... 12:50 6:30

DOWN TRAINS.

A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M.

Lve. Martinsburg... 7:00 8:00

" Hagerstown... 8:15 9:15

" Chambersburg 9:30 10:30

" Carlisle... 10:45 11:45

Arr. Harrisburg... 11:50 12:50

A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M.

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General News.

HOME.

THE LUTHERAN MINISTERIUM OF PENNSYLVANIA, commenced its 132d annual meeting in Lebanon, Pa., on the 7th inst.

MUTUAL ADMIRATION.—At the recent Cathedral banquet Cardinal McCloskey announced that he had received from the Pope by cable the day before a dispatch of congratulation and benediction. It was in Italian, and a translation has since been made of it and also of the response. Cardinal Nina, in the name of the Pope, whose secretary he is, telegraphed as follows: "The Holy Father sends your Eminence his most sincere congratulations and blessing, on the auspicious occasion of the dedication of your grand Cathedral." To this Cardinal McCloskey replied: "Thirty-nine archbishops and bishops unite with me in thanking our well-beloved Holy Father, Leo XIII., for his kind congratulations and blessing, and in praying God to grant long life and every good gift from on high to his Holiness."

GREAT FIRE AT LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.—The complete destruction by fire on last Friday evening of Pardee Hall, the principal building in the group of structures composing Lafayette College at Easton, Pa., is one of the severest blows ever experienced by an American college. The cost of erection of Pardee Hall was \$250,000, and the fixtures cost \$75,000 more. An additional \$100,000 was invested in the museum, cabinets, and laboratories, so that the hall as it stood represented money to the amount of \$425,000. The destruction was nearly total, nothing but the walls being left, and the insurance as far as reported amounts to only \$120,000, leaving the loss to the college \$225,000. This magnificent building was largely devoted to the various departments of natural science, and the apparatus, cabinets and libraries were among the finest in the land, and the loss will be felt beyond the particular institution to which they belonged.

AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The anniversary exercises of this worthy society were held in New York May 6th.

The Union was organized in 1824, fifty-five years ago. Since then its agents have organized 67,154 schools, with 435,456 teachers and 2,869,872 scholars.

In addition to the schools organized, there has been another important work: to nurture and sustain these and other schools. The records show that by visits and words of counsel and encouragement, and gifts of books, papers, etc., assistance has been extended in 102,607 cases, representing a membership of 761,422 teachers, and of 5,620,181 scholars! The amount expended in missionary operations by the Union is, \$2,471,620.00. The value of books, papers, etc., circulated by sale and grants is about \$7,000,000!

Truly this is an honorable record. How vast is the influence of this Society upon the minds of the young of our country. The Union is doing a great work, which must tell powerfully in the future of the Church and the nation. It deserves the prayers and assistance of Christians.

FOREIGN.

Ten thousand men engaged in the timber trade in Sweden are said to be on a strike.

France and England have declined to interfere with the Egyptian administration.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND THE REFORMED CHURCH.—The Presidents of the Protestant Consistories recently assembled in Paris, having waited on the President of the French Republic to protest against the appointment of professors by M. Jules Ferry. M. Grevy courteously replied, "I thank you for your visit. You are wrong to be alarmed about the intentions of the Government. What feeling can it possibly entertain against Protestantism? I consider the Protestant Church as the mother of Democracy in modern times. If the Government thought of infringing the independence and dignity of any Church, which it certainly does not, the Reformed Church would be the last whose liberty it would seek to restrain." This is a high tribute from one of the most powerful of the world.

Married.

On May 13th, 1879, at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. T. R. Dietz, Mr. Henry A. Smith to Miss Sophia M. Nörr, both of Jefferson Co., Pa.

On May 28, 1879, at the Reformed parsonage, Martinsburg, Blair Co., Pa., by Rev. J. David Miller, Mr. John A. Keglar, of Pattonville, Pa., to Miss Ella M. Noble, of Waterside, Bedford Co., Pa.

At the pastor's residence, May 24th, by Rev. G. W. Roth, Mr. Stokes K. Fox to Miss Salome L. Snyder, both of Tineum, Bucks Co., Pa.

On May 31, by the same, at his residence, Mr. Lewis A. Heller to Miss Esther S. Tranger, both of Tineum, Pa.

At the same time and place, by the same, Mr. Clinton S. Mood, of Red Hill, to Miss Mary Ellen Kohl, of Nockamixon, Bucks Co., Pa.

At the residence of the bride's parents, on Tuesday, June 3d, 1879, by Rev. J. David Miller, Mr. James Edward May to Miss Katie G. Burgett, daughter of Mr. David S. Burgett, all of Martinsburg, Blair Co., Pa.

Obituaries.

DIED.—In Hightstown, New Jersey, June 2d, of congestion of the brain, Oliver Howard, child of Rev. O. L. and Lottie A. Ashenfelter, in the tenth month of his age.

DIED.—On the 19th of April last, in Porter township, Clinton Co., Pa., Peter Transue, aged 73 years, 10 months and 13 days.

The subject of this sketch was a life-long member of the Reformed Church, and an honest and straightforward man. Mother Transue preceded him to the eternal world about three years ago, since which he has suffered much affliction, down to the time of his death. He trusted in the merits of Christ.

DIED.—On the 25th of April, near Salona, Clinton Co., Pa., Griffin Rote, aged 69 years, 2 months and 9 days.

Father Rote was a faithful and consistent member of the Salona Reformed congregation for many years. He was one of the main pillars. He served the congregation in the capacity of elder through a long series of years, down to the time of his death. He represented the Nittany charge frequently on the floor of Classis, and many of our ministers and elders will remember him as a delegate representing West

Susquehanna Classis at the meetings of the Synod of the United States, and also of the General Synod. We feel our loss deeply, but it is his "eternal gain."

On May 6th, in Marion township, Centre Co., Pa., Julian Spayd, wife of John Spayd, aged 44 years, 6 months and 7 days.

Mrs. Spayd was the youngest sister of Rev. William B. Yearick. In this dispensation of divine Providence, a family of seven children have been left motherless—the youngest not being conscious of its loss. Emanuel's Reformed congregation has the name of one faithful member less upon its register. Though most devoted to her husband and children, yet amidst her intense sufferings during the last few weeks of her life, it was her constant "desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." Much sympathy was manifested, and many tears were shed when her remains were consigned to the grave.

On the 14th of May, at Clintondale, Clinton Co., Pa., William Meyer, aged 59 years, and 14 days.

The deceased was the father-in-law of Rev. John Dotterer. He was one of earth's afflicted ones. He suffered for many years from disease of the spine. Right in the prime of life, when man is best fitted for the duties of life, the scourging hand was laid upon him. But so long as he was able to do so, he took an active part in the affairs of the church, and his interest in her welfare remained unabated even to the last. He served the Mount Bethel congregation, of which he was a member, in a very acceptable manner as elder while he could.

Like father Rote, father Meyer was a representative in the councils of the church. When he could no longer be present to take part in the services of the holy sanctuary, he still continued to support the gospel of Christ. We visited him frequently, and while we never saw one suffer more, we never saw one endure more patiently. He was always resigned to the will of God. "Not as I will but as Thou wilt," were the words often heard to escape from his lips. At last death, which he long before would have welcomed, came to his relief. On the 16th, after appropriate services in the church led by the pastor, and assisted in by several ministerial brethren, the remains were interred in the burying ground at Mount Bethel, where they await the resurrection at the last day.

The reader will observe that in less than one month four members have been taken away. We all mourn our loss, and, outside of the bereaved households, none more than the pastor of Nittany Valley charge.

G. P. H.

Acknowledgments.

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THE MARKETS.

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" Red..... 1.14@1.15
Rye..... 58@60
Corn, Yellow..... 44@44 1/2
" White..... 42@43
Oats..... 36@37
Barley two rowed..... 80@90
Groceries, Sugar, Cuba..... 62@64
" Redned out loaf..... 82@84
" crushed..... 83@89
" powdered..... 84@82
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" Laguayra..... 142@154
" Java..... 234@254
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